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ITALY.

WHEN GARIBALDI and his followers have been disposed of for the time, the Italian Ministry will still feel the embarrassment of its position. RATTAZZI is clever, versatile, and possibly patriotic, but he represents neither the hopes nor the pride of his countrymen. His accession to office was preceded by a public declaration of his gratitude and devotion to France, and it was immediately occasioned by personal complications which too much resembled an old-fashioned palace intrigue. GARIBALDI has to a certain extent exonerated the Minister by asserting that he never expected any good at his hands; but although it would have been criminal to encourage the insane Roman enterprise, prudent inaction will be but little appreciated if it is attributed to French dictation. Italy has, from a combination of causes, become so dependent on France that any public display of deference is peculiarly unpopular. The desire for the evacuation of Rome is founded rather on a dislike of foreign interference than on the supposed expediency of resuming the ancient capital. The POPE is perhaps furthering the real interests of Italy by permanently denationalizing himself and the system which he represents; but, in the mean time, it is provoking to see an enemy protected and maintained by a professed patron and friend. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that many Italian politicians still cherish an obstinate reliance on the friendship and good faith of the Emperor NAPOLEON. If he has sometimes opposed the just demands of Italy, they argue that he has always yielded at the proper moment; and, giving him credit in their enthusiasm for betraying the Grand Dukes and the King of NAPLES, they trust that at the proper time he will also leave the POPE at their mercy. It is in vain to deny that France has long enjoyed the lucrative privilege of thinking for the Continent. The general diffusion of the French language has facilitated the circulation of an imaginary history and of a political literature which inculcates in a thousand forms the merits of the great nation. Spain and even Germany see themselves in French mirrors, and Italy has not been a nation long enough to devise principles and theories for herself. On the whole, RATTAZZI perhaps represents the real belief of the educated classes more faithfully than GARIBALDI himself; but it is felt that the recognition of foreign supremacy ought to be understood rather than expressed.

The evacuation of Rome, which perhaps never was probable, seems to have passed into a still more remote contingency through the failure of a premature attempt. At Caprera, GARIBALDI was an unknown force in the hands of Italy, and CAVOUR, or those who held his place, could negotiate with the advantage of a combatant who has reserved his fire. After the conquest of Naples, no achievement of the great adventurer seemed impossible; and although it was easy to expose the weakness of any particular project, neither friends nor enemies were certain that some unexpected success might not derange ordinary calculations. The mine has exploded, the alarm has subsided, and the French hold on Rome has been tightened to resist the passing menace. Italian diplomats can no longer point to the existence of a mysterious danger as a reason for the concession of just demands. Their only argument is now an army and navy, which is in no degree formidable to France, a nation which can no longer be represented as ready to rise at the call of the popular leader, and that vague possibility of a great religious rupture with the Papacy which General DURANDO's circular note shadows out as the resource of Italy if driven to extremity. It is not to be supposed that either French or Italian statesmen gravely discuss in private the reasons which effervesce in the windy periods of Imperialist pamphleteers. The two hundred millions of Catholics who are supposed to insist on the maintenance of the temporal power are almost as imaginary as the conventional demands which are put forth in their name.

The world, perhaps, contains at most three-fourths of that number of members of the Latin communion, and the greater number of Catholics care as little as the Italians themselves for the political condition of the Holy See. The pretence that the Papal power might, under the control of the Italian Government, become dangerous to the spiritual independence of foreign nations, is only worthy of rhetoricians who, like M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE and Mr. DISRAELI, scarcely take the trouble to condense phrases into fictions. The First NAPOLEON might, perhaps, have found a new instrument of his pervading despotism in the Parisian Pope whom he at one time hoped to establish; but it is only where temporal authority is already supreme, that ecclesiastical control can serve the purposes of a secular prince. NICHOLAS I. tormented his subjects under the pretence of a divine right, but his spiritual despotism depended on his soldiers and policemen. No Frenchman seriously believed that he would be disturbed in his religious relations by any influence which VICTOR EMMANUEL reigning at Rome could exercise over his neighbour, the POPE. If an amicable arrangement were really effected, the Holy See would perhaps be less dependent than at present; and yet the French Government is constantly complaining that Cardinal ANTONELLI resists all its demands, although his Court is only kept in existence by the aid of the French garrison.

The latent power which was ascribed to GARIBALDI was, perhaps, most useful as a security against foreign projects of territorial spoliation. There can be no doubt that some Italians have weakly or corruptly listened to French overtures for the cession of various portions of the existing kingdom. It may have been insinuated that the religious scruples of France might yield to patriotic impulses, if Sardinia, or an additional stretch of the Maritime Alps, were given up in exchange for Rome, with the further hope of aid in the conquest of Venice. As it is necessary in modern times to cover all projects of plunder by a theory, M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE and other moralists of his stamp are ready to explain that injustice is done if any neighbouring country advances in power and prosperity without equivalent aggrandizement to France. The value of an excuse consists not in its validity, or even in its plausibility, but in the opportunity which it affords to those who are willing to accept it. A negotiation for the dismemberment of Italy might be covered by the great name of CAVOUR, and the contrivance of universal suffrage can always be applied to the sanction of a robbery. Against a transaction of this kind Italy could always have appealed to the sound instinct of GARIBALDI. The hero, whom his countrymen can scarcely bear to disavow in his insane act of sedition, would have united the nation, and coerced the Government to support him in resistance to an overt act of French rapacity. It might have exceeded the power of the Emperor NAPOLEON himself to hunt him out of Caprera as well as out of Nice; and even in France the public opinion of the multitude would perhaps have been affected by the general sympathy for the popular favourite. In Italy at least, treason, in opposition to a treasonable policy, would have been universally condoned.

The Italian Government could not, if it would, replace GARIBALDI in the position which he occupied three months ago; but his faculty for benefiting his country is perhaps not wholly exhausted, and though the watch-dog has broken his chain, and disturbed the flock, it would be indiscreet to get rid of him in compliance with the importunities of the wolf. It is impossible to punish GARIBALDI; and in attempting to degrade him, the Government would only confirm the existing alienation. With all his faults, GARIBALDI represents, more than any other living man, those elements of character on which the national regeneration must depend. The model of the youth of Italy should be a soldier, because their liberty depends on their readiness to defend it; and he ought not, like the ideal hero of modern France, to be a selfish and rapacious conqueror. Imprudence

and want of political aptitude are not demoralizing defects, although they impair or destroy practical efficiency for good. An amnesty, though it would perhaps be chiefly dictated by considerations of practical convenience, might fairly be justified as a proof that the Government concurs in the design of recovering Rome, while it reserves to itself the selection of the proper opportunity for the enterprise. It is well for a nation which has not yet cemented its internal unity to be actuated by a common motive and a common hope. GARIBALDI's impulses are right in their direction, though they may be irregular in their operation; nor should the enemy of the POPE and of the foreigner be put on a level with the servile agents of priestcraft and reaction. The difficulty of dealing with Deputies who have shared in the Sicilian sedition would be removed by abandoning the whole prosecution in deference to the merits and services of GARIBALDI. It is perfectly reasonable that the members of the Legislature should be responsible for any breach of the laws; but it would be undesirable to impair in any way the character of a Parliament which has generally displayed exemplary wisdom and moderation. Many of the Deputies who have recommended the release of their imprisoned colleagues are exempt from all suspicion of complicity in their enterprise. POERIO, since his return to public life, has often been accused of undue timidity, and the party with which he acts habitually discourages all violent measures. It is fortunate when the fairest and most satisfactory mode of escaping from a difficulty is also the easiest. In doing nothing, the Italian Ministers will do what is best for themselves and their country.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THIS best feature in the character of the Americans," according to one of their most impenetrable admirers, is "the resolute fearlessness with which they look facts in the face. The Union party make no attempt to represent 'things as more favourable than they are.' The Federalists have lately had an abundance of facts to look in the face, and in a certain sense, they may be said to have contemplated them with resolute fearlessness. The *New York Times* heads the narrative of the retreat to Centreville with the remarkable title of *The Last Gasp of the Rebellion*. The Old World has not yet learned the same fearlessness, although men are everywhere disposed to explain away their own failures, and to represent facts as more favourable than they really are. No Austrian or Prussian gazetteer would have described Austerlitz or Jena as the last gasp of the moribund French Empire. Three months ago the Northern armies were threatening Richmond, and now, after an unexampled succession of defeats, they are crouching behind the fortifications of Washington; but the chronic habit of boasting is so deeply imbedded in the national character and in the very language, that the reverse of fortune can scarcely be traced in the indigenous narratives of the war. The assumption that rebellion is at its last gasp means that the Confederates have achieved successes which already exceed probable expectation. The exertion of vigour and prudence by no means suggests the inference that all available resources have been exhausted in one final and useless effort. Even Northern complacency acknowledges that the South is directed and led by able statesmen and by skilful generals; and it seems improbable that their great enterprise should cause their inevitable ruin at the moment when it has been crowned by complete victory. It is possible that foreign residents in America may exaggerate, in the opposite direction, the profound discouragement which they trace in the midst of universal vapouring; but it is certain that the habitual insincerity of public writers and speakers is, at the bottom, fully appreciated by the community which nevertheless insists on the suppression of unpalatable truth. When General POPE's despatch of August 30 was published at Washington, there were few who believed that he had only lost 8,000 men, or that the enemy had lost double the number. When his imaginary triumph was, on the following day, changed into a disastrous retreat, the general mortification and alarm were scarcely aggravated by a shade of disappointment.

General POPE's exclusive interest in the enemy's line of retreat has been effectually superseded by the necessity, which he had anxiously disclaimed, of looking to his own. His obnoxious general order for the plunder of Virginia has also been practically withdrawn by the evacuation of the hostile territory which was to be excluded from the benefit of the laws of war. With a force which Northern journalists estimate at 200,000 men, he has succeeded in reaching, with some difficulty, the shelter of the lines before Washington. The last gasp of rebellion indicates a force of constitution which had seldom

been attributed to Secession even in its prime. The movements of the Confederate Generals have now become practically intelligible, although it is evident that the accounts are still incomplete. Until a history of the war has been published on Southern authority, it will be impossible to ascertain whether the plan of attack was carried out with complete success. An extraordinary source of confusion has arisen from the entire change of front which, after his retreat from the Rappahannock, converted POPE's left into his right. The relative positions of a line of battle are generally named on the supposition that an army moves from its basis of operations; but when POPE faced round towards Washington, the reporters began to describe the Western extremity of his army as the left, and it is uncertain whether they resumed the former nomenclature when he again looked southward from Centreville. At the beginning of the last week in August, General JACKSON, with extraordinary daring, marched round the right wing of the Federal army, and threw himself with 30,000 on its rear. The New York papers unanimously announced the impending capture of their most dreaded enemy, although former experience might have taught them that his movements augured little good to his adversaries or pursuers. One of his objects was effected by the seizure and destruction of large stores of provisions and ammunition, and by the stoppage of railway communication between Washington and the head-quarters of the army. The principal motive of his advance may have been to precipitate POPE's withdrawal from the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, where he would have been comparatively near BURNSIDE's position at Acquia Creek. From the 26th to the 28th of August, the Federal troops began to come in contact with the enemy; and on the 29th the battle at Grovetown ended, after enormous loss, without a decisive result. Both the armies seem to have fought in the opposite direction to their proper line of advance, although General POPE's right or eastern wing may not have been absolutely separated from its communications with Washington. In the mean time, General LEE, commanding the Confederates in chief, was pressing hard on the rear; and on September 1 he seems to have effected a junction with JACKSON, though the direction of his advance has not yet been intelligibly described. In the battle which ensued, the Federals were entirely defeated, and, by a curious coincidence, M'DOWELL's division once more fled in confusion across the historical field of Bull's Run. The way was open to Centreville, where General POPE made a stand before he finally retreated to the line of the Potomac.

During the week of battles, BURNSIDE was at Acquia, and McCLELLAN at Alexandria. Their failure to support their colleague in the field can only be explained by the supposition that General LEE threatened the Federal line so as to prevent the junction of the different armies. According to one statement, General BURNSIDE has been driven to the shelter of his gunboats, and McCLELLAN's inaction is scarcely explained by the apocryphal rumour that his soldiers were in open mutiny, "cheering 'for JEFF. DAVIS.'" It is even more incredible that the Abolitionists should have any excuse for denouncing the late Commander-in-Chief as a wilful traitor. If General LEE advanced by his own right, so as to cut off BURNSIDE from POPE, his forces might afterwards have been interposed between the main army and McCLELLAN at Alexandria. The plan of the attack seems to have practically resembled the short campaign of 1815, when NAPOLEON threw himself between WELLINGTON and BLUCHER, with the successful result of beating the Prussians separately at Ligny. The movement of JACKSON round the enemy's right wing precisely corresponds to the operation which, according to the Duke of WELLINGTON's opinion, ought to have been effected by the French left. It was to prevent an attempt to pass round his right into his rear that the DUKE left 15,000 men idle during the decisive struggle at Waterloo, and though he is severely blamed by the majority of military critics, he maintained to the end of his life that he had only taken a necessary precaution. The Confederates seem to have been strong enough to operate against both wings of the Northern army, and skilful enough to concentrate all their forces at the vital moment. It is wonderful that, in one battle-field after another, they should contrive to outnumber their formidable enemy, but masses of men are useless in default of skill and energy in handling them. Rebellion has probably many other gasps to utter before it finally expires. Far away in Kentucky, an important Confederate success has been accidentally dwarfed by the great victory in Virginia; and Tennessee is rapidly writhing itself out of the grasp of the Northern invader.

Another Southern State is likely to be partially liberated by the advance of the Confederate army. General JACKSON, after contributing largely to the triumph of his cause, has continued his march across the Upper Potomac into the friendly

territory of Maryland. In no other part of the continent has Federal despotism been so obnoxious, and hitherto so irresistible. After a State election, more than half the successful candidates were imprisoned at the will of the PRESIDENT, because they would have formed a majority in the Legislature against the policy of the Federal Government. General JACKSON will be welcomed with enthusiasm, if there appears to be a reasonable prospect of permanent liberation from Northern occupation. The Confederate General will at least receive all the assistance and information which may further the execution of his plans. His present movements have perhaps a military rather than a political object, as by moving to the rear of the enemy he compels him to leave the shelter of his fortifications to protect the indispensable communication with the North. If the Baltimore railway falls into the hands of the Confederates, the PRESIDENT and the rest of the Government must abandon Washington. During the whole of the last winter, the Potomac was blockaded by the Confederate batteries on the Virginia shore, and the entire supplies of the army and the capital were conveyed by railroad from Baltimore. The large army which is now collected at Washington may perhaps be strong enough to protect its own communications; but as long as JACKSON is on the left of the Potomac, it will scarcely be available for an operation in Virginia. The command of the rivers and of the sea is the only remaining element of Federal superiority, or rather, it rescues the Northern armies from irretrievable ruin. But for the gun-boats, BURNSIDE must have surrendered at Acquia, even if McCLELLAN had been able to make his way from Alexandria. The celebrated Captain WILKES has taken advantage of the absence of both belligerents to bombard a fort on the James River; but even the New York papers have no longer any enthusiasm to spare for his safe and useless achievements. By this time, CORCORAN is probably as completely forgotten in the North as if any exploit which he had ever performed had entitled him to ephemeral applause. The immoral habit of affecting enthusiasm for the undeserving heroes of the hour is one of the causes which have dwarfed and stunted the political and military capacity of Federal America.

LA FRANCE AND ROME.

THE solution which M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE promised has at last appeared, and a very poor solution it is. Curiosity has been miserably rewarded. It turns out that the secret that the oracle had to reveal was merely the exploded and impossible scheme of an Italian Federation. There is to be an Italy of the North, under VICTOR EMMANUEL; and an Italy of the South, under a nameless king; and a Central Italy, under the POPE. To state this is quite enough to dispose of it. The great manifesto of *La France* has fallen dead, because everyone sees that its conclusion belongs to the land of dreams. But it is exceedingly probable that this sketch of the future of Italy represents very nearly what the EMPEROR would like to dream of as possible. M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE has been writing what the EMPEROR may very probably long to see accepted, even though he is convinced that its acceptance is impossible. The pattern after which the thread of Italian fate is to be woven is a very pretty pattern to the taste of many Frenchmen. If there could but be a federation such as M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE paints, it would answer a variety of purposes. Northern Italy would be a considerable State, and ought to feel grateful to France for creating it. The POPE would reign under a perpetual and indisputable title at Rome, and the Catholic world ought to be contented with this. The Roman people would be happy, for they would have the same civil administration, the same laws, and the same chance of growing rich as the other Italians; and Naples would be free from the tyranny of the Piedmontese, who now, according to M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, hold it by sheer force. Italy would thus have everything it could want, and at the same time would have no terrors for France. M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, even in the nervous jealousy of his patriotism, conceives France as able to cope with a weak federation of three discordant States. Thus the EMPEROR would have the credit of pleasing everybody, and of once more uniting liberty with order. Probably this is very much the end of the Italian question which he desires; and it may be observed that it is not very unlike what the leaders of the Conservative party in England seem to think best for Italy. The temporal power of the POPE is a traditional part of the policy of those who conceive themselves to represent the framers of the Treaty of Vienna. The alienation of Naples would be a severe blow to the Northern Italians, whose patriotic ardour is the constant subject of Mr. DISRAELI's sneers; and

the retention of the Quadrilateral by Austria would be highly satisfactory. Mr. DISRAELI has, on several occasions during the last session, boasted that his views on Italian matters are much more in harmony with those of the EMPEROR than the views of Lord PALMERSTON's Cabinet; and this manifesto of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE goes far to corroborate his assertion. Fortunately, although the EMPEROR and Mr. DISRAELI may be agreed, Italy, England, and all the liberal portion of France think the other way.

No one of the parties to be included in the proposed federation would think of it for a moment. The Italians have set their heart on unity. For this they have fought and suffered, have stifled provincial jealousies, have entered what seemed to many of them the service of an unknown sovereign, have submitted to be drilled by Piedmontese officers and snubbed by Piedmontese officials. For this ancient capitals have given up the splendour and the gossip of Courts. It is this that has inspired all Italy with new life, and made Sicily as anxious for change as Parma or Modena could be. M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE tells the Italians that this longing for unity is foolish. They are children crying for the moon. Perhaps so; but if this is what they want, who is to make them reasonable and long for a neat federation expressly adapted to make Italy for ever powerless in Europe? The Romans present a still more insuperable difficulty. They are the people who most ardently long to get rid of the POPE, and if they were left to themselves, they would have no more scruple in extinguishing the Papacy than a French prefect has in extinguishing an opposition candidate at an election. It would be in vain that the POPE had his territory guaranteed him against foreign Powers—that is, against his neighbours in Federal Italy—unless he were also guaranteed against his own subjects, and to do this the presence of a foreign army is absolutely indispensable. To this, however, M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE replies, that under his management the Romans would never rise against the POPE, because they would never have any motive for insurrection. All they want is good government, and he has provided for their having it. He does not propose that Italy should be a group of States, each governed after its own fancy. The laws of all are to be the same, the army is to be the same, the diplomacy is to be the same. In order to work the Federation, there must be a Federal Government, and, perhaps, a Federal Parliament; but this is what he calls a question of detail. The POPE and his friends would think it anything but a question of detail. If the POPE accepted the scheme, he would be in a most curious position. All that is peculiar, and all that in the eyes of Ultramontane is most sacred, in the Papal system of government, would be swept away. There would be no Canon Law, no immunity of the clergy from civil tribunals, no jurisdiction of priests over laity. If all the laws of Italy were to be the same, and a Federal Parliament, representing all Italy, were to enact them, the law-making of lay Italy would be the law-making that would prevail. The POPE would also be represented diplomatically, not by legates and nuncios, but by the ambassadors of the Federation. If anything could tempt the Italians for a moment to listen to the project of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, it would be the fun of being able to send RICASOLI to represent the POPE at Paris. The POPE would also have the glory of contributing his quota of troops to the Federal army; and as he could not avoid complying with the decision of the majority of the Federation, Northern and Southern Italy could at any moment make him despatch a contingent to aid in the great fight against Austria. He would also be the High Priest of the Federation, for it is the satisfaction of using him in this capacity that is to be the great inducement for the rest of Italy to put up with him. In this capacity he would, of course, be called on to return thanks for the victories of the national forces; and, perhaps, the first great occasion on which he appeared in his new character would be that of celebrating a *Te Deum* in St. Peter's to honour the success of VICTOR EMMANUEL and other people, whom he has proved not to believe in the immortality of the soul, against the faithful and devout FRANCIS JOSEPH.

It is worth while to pursue to its consequences the scheme, so far as it would affect the POPE, as the absurdity of the whole plan becomes more glaring when we consider that it would be even more impossible for the POPE to accept it than for the Italians. The Italians would lose their nominal unity; but they would dictate the policy of the Federation, while the POPE would not even have the poor pleasure of standing aloof and cursing them. He would have to join outwardly in doing the very things he most reprobated. In fact, the utter unreality and dreaminess of the whole thing

is so transparent that we may reasonably wonder what can be thought to be the good of suggesting it. Perhaps the ultimate object of the manifesto may be conjectured from a passage in which its author discusses the very important point how this great scheme is to be started. He is of opinion that a Congress is the only instrument big enough and grand enough to employ. He sees it to be rather doubtful whether England would join a Congress called to guarantee the temporal power of the POPE; but he thinks that there is a great amount of popular nonsense in our Italian sympathies, and that real sensible statesmen, sitting at a table with other statesmen, would consult the just susceptibilities of France. It is not quite obvious either why Russia and Prussia should meet to pull to pieces a kingdom the existence of which they have just recognised. But M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE passes glibly over this; and he takes for granted that a Congress could be got together, and induced to approve his scheme. But, supposing this were done, who is to enforce the decision of the Congress? No one, M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE replies. It would be shocking and intolerable that either Italy or the POPE should be compelled to yield. The decision of the Congress would only be a solemn record of opinion; and until both Italy and the POPE voluntarily adopted it, the French must stay at Rome. As the POPE wishes nothing more, he could not, obviously, have the slightest motive whatever for acquiescing in a change which its proposer owns would be unpalatable to him. The occupation of Rome by France would, therefore, be permanent; but it would have the indirect sanction of the Great Powers. This, so far as appears, is the only possible drift of all this talk of a moonshine Federation. The EMPEROR wants to stay at Rome, but he wants to stay there with the approbation of Europe; and, if a Congress would but decide on an impossible scheme, and tacitly sanction the French remaining at Rome until this impossible scheme became possible, no one would have a right to complain of France holding a strong military position in the middle of Italy. But the mere announcement of the device defeats it. A Congress cannot meet without England, and an English Ministry that proposed to join a Congress with the avowed object of giving a good colour to the permanent occupation of Rome by the French would be simply mad. Neither Italy nor England can turn the French out, but they can set the occupation in its true light. Henceforth, if it is prolonged, it must be prolonged on the ground that France wishes to keep Italy weak, divided, and in confusion, and that the theories of foreign Catholics as to the expediency of keeping the POPE at Rome are to prevail over the cry of the wretched Romans for law, and liberty, and life.

THE PREFECT OF MONMOUTHSHIRE.

IF the House of Commons continues in the next session to enjoy its recent leisure, Mr. ROEBUCK will probably succeed in calling its attention to the petty act of oppression by which, as far as official authority can prevail, a respectable country gentleman has been left without a name. The reasons which may have induced Mr. JONES of Clytha to adopt the name of HERBERT concern himself and his family alone; and if it were necessary to inquire into his pedigree, it is evident that he is descended from a common ancestor with his nephew or cousin, Mr. JONES of Llanarth. A Welsh family of high antiquity and considerable local importance may be trusted to preserve the history of its own blood and alliances. As the Sheikh, in Mr. DISRAELI's *Tancred*, answered, when he was complimented on the Scriptural record of his family connexion with Moses, "The children of Rechab need no books to inform them whom 'the daughters of their tribe have married,' it may fairly be assumed that Mr. JONES was acting consistently with custom and propriety in assenting, by his own act, to the change of name which had been deliberately made by the head of his family; but even if he had rivalled in silly vulgarity the real or fictitious "NORFOLK HOWARD" of the advertisement, it would not be less necessary to vindicate the privilege of every Englishman to use or abuse his undoubted legal rights without impertinent interference from the Government or its subordinates. Lord LLANOVER ought to be made to understand that, when his political claims were committed for a peerage and a Lord-Lieutenancy, the Minister had neither the intention nor the power of making him Prefect of Monmouthshire. When the little pigs, as Mr. DRUMMOND said, are too many for the natural supply, the supernumeraries ought to be provided with a trough, but not to be let loose in the garden. The office of Lord-Lieutenant is in itself not a little invidious, and when it becomes the reward of recent services and the stamp of sudden elevation,

its functions may easily be converted into means of annoying former equals, and of carrying out local feuds. No one can be surprised that one county magistrate should wish to mortify another, especially when the families are connected by marriage. If Lord LLANOVER had fined Mr. HERBERT's keeper for trespass, or indicted his favourite highway, he would have acted in conformity with the provincial laws of private war, and he would have been exposed in his turn to retaliation in kind. In official relations he represents the QUEEN, who has assuredly neither a feeling of hostility to Mr. HERBERT, nor any interest in perpetuating the patronymic of JONES.

The law of surnames lies in a nutshell, nor has it ever given rise to difference of opinion or variety of decision in the Courts. Whatever is forbidden must come within the prohibitions either of the unwritten law or of some Act of Parliament; and while on this subject there is no Statute-law, the Common-law is older than surnames, and consequently cannot affect them. Even the Christian name, which is the ancient mode of identification, may, for some legal purposes, be got rid of by repute. The surname is the appellation by which a man calls himself, and by which he is known to his neighbours. There are remote valleys in Wales where family surnames are still imperfectly adopted, and the son of THOMAS JONES requires no permission from the LORD-LIEUTENANT to call himself JOHN THOMAS. Originally, all surnames were assumed by choice or by accident, and the acquisition of a new estate, or even the adoption of a different trade, converted HILL into DALE, or SMITH into BAKER. In modern times, according to the apt observation of an able writer on the HERBERT controversy, two families at least of the highest rank have changed their names without one superfluous application to the Crown. About 1798, the WESLEYS silently assumed the name of WELLESLEY, which they afterwards made so famous; and a few years ago, the Dukes of SOMERSET renounced all the historical grandeur of their family by the self-denying affectation of subsiding into unknown ST. MAURS. In neither case was the sound retained when the spelling was altered, for a second innovation was necessary to reconvert ST. MAUR into the oral SEYMOUR. One nobleman probably wished to avoid an association with the well-known founder of a religious sect, and the other perhaps fancied that the most insignificant Norman took precedence of the most eminent Englishman. WELLESLEY and ST. MAUR were probably early appellations of the respective families, as HERBERT in the Llanarth pedigree may have been anterior to JONES. If the right of changing the name had been disputed, it might have been argued that the original corruption ought to be corrected because it had never been sanctioned by a Royal licence. Lord LLANOVER is perhaps actually infringing the imaginary prerogative on which he relies as an excuse for his petty act of ill-nature.

A highly competent lawyer, writing under the signature of T. F., has collected in a little pamphlet on Surnames all the cases which bear on the question in dispute. It is unnecessary to analyse a string of decisions in which the Courts of Law and Equity uniformly consider that the surname may be assumed or discontinued at pleasure. The custom of applying for the royal licence is only a century old, and several judges have declared that the form is wholly unnecessary, excepting as a condition which may have been prescribed by a grantor or testator. T. F. cites several cases in which the Courts on motion have altered the roll of attorneys by adding or substituting a name which had been assumed without application to the Crown. It is only in Monmouthshire that the militia and the Commission of the Peace are closed to gentlemen whose new family names are not palatable to the LORD-LIEUTENANT. There is at least no other county in which the highest local functionary would attempt to annoy a neighbour, by informing the Lord Chamberlain of the supposed objection to his presentation at Court. Lord LLANOVER might as well have composed newspaper attacks on Mr. HERBERT, and, indeed, the learned writer of the pamphlet on Surnames quotes some passages from a local journal which unaccountably coincide in language and argument with the LORD-LIEUTENANT'S official communications. It is too bad that a would-be Prefect should follow the example of his French prototype by persecuting the subjects of his administration with "communicated" articles, as well as with paternal supervision and restraint.

It may be said, that although a private gentleman has a right to take any name which he chooses, the LORD-LIEUTENANT cannot be controlled in his appointment of militia officers or of justices, and that the refusal of honorary preferment is not equivalent to legal persecution. If Lord LLANOVER had

chosen to vent his spite without giving his reasons, it might have been difficult to prove that he had abused his official discretion. But in the present case, he has repeatedly stated that Mr. HERBERT's son is excluded from the militia only because he declines to be gazetted in a name which is no longer his own. On the same ground he practically removes Mr. HERBERT from the Commission of the Peace, and he has wantonly attempted to interfere with his reception at Court. A country gentleman of family and fortune, who is deprived of the local duties and functions for which he is properly qualified, is as fully entitled to complain as if he were imprisoned or fined; and the official intruder who disturbs his comfort would be lightly punished by a summary disavowal and reprimand. The QUEEN, through the SECRETARY AT WAR, can give the commissions in the militia, and the LORD CHANCELLOR exercises unlimited control over the appointment of magistrates. Unluckily, Lord WESTBURY has, in a hasty moment, sanctioned his subordinate's vexatious interference with private rights. In an official letter, he states that "the necessary alteration will be made in the Commission of the Peace when Mr. JONES has obtained the royal licence to assume and bear the name and arms of HERBERT." It happens that there is no Mr. JONES to apply for the licence, and that Mr. HERBERT has never felt the smallest desire for new armorial bearings. By the grant of a former licence, the Crown has not conferred a name, but recognised the Llanarth family under the name of HERBERT. It follows that Mr. HERBERT of Clytha is not acting from discreditable or frivolous motives, although, in the *communiqué* of the Monmouthshire paper, he is characteristically accused of vanity and caprice. The LORD CHANCELLOR might as well impose the condition of his substituting a blue coat for a black one, or of putting a Gothic front to his house if it happens to have a Grecian elevation. Every man has a right to do whatever is not contrary to law; and unless his conduct is immoral or indecorous he ought not to be subjected to any special disqualification. Mr. HERBERT cannot honourably or properly accept any office under the name of JONES; and the Lord CHANCELLOR ought to have protected him against the petty vexations which result from neighbourly dislike. If the subject is revived in the House of Commons, it may be presumed that Sir G. GREY will not repeat the singular assertion that a new name can only be legally used after the continuance of its legal use for a considerable time.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

THE few persons who hoped that the recent inquiry into the constitution and management of the Diplomatic Service would lead to important changes must have read with impatience the long series of regulations published this week, under the authority of Earl RUSSELL. There are, indeed, some novelties in the system now established, but these are very few and very minute. The mode of examining attachés on their first entering the service, and subsequently on their receiving higher appointments, is slightly changed. The pay of the young gentlemen is now put upon a definite footing. At the end of four years of gratuitous labour, they are to receive the magnificent salary of 150*l.* a year. Paid attachés are no longer to be called attachés, but are to rejoice in the higher style of Second and Third Secretaries. This is the fashion in most foreign services, and our attachés did not like to be attachés when all their foreign friends were secretaries. There is also a merciful provision that no one after the age of sixty is to be compelled to serve as a Third Secretary. Everything must be provided for in regulations, or it would scarcely have seemed necessary to guard against a Cabinet Minister having so wanton a disregard to the claims of age as to force a poor old creature of seventy or so to earn his 150*l.* in the company of young dandies. There are further provisions to ensure that diplomats shall have enough money to travel with in the discharge of public business, but not enough to treat their wives to a trip—that the representatives of England at Courts with which we may be obliged to cease diplomatic relations shall not lose all their pay—and that heads of missions shall have a yearly holiday at as cheap a rate as possible. These are the changes which Parliamentary pressure has produced in the service, and if they are small they are good. But they leave untouched the basis of the present system. The Diplomatic Service is still to be filled by the class of young gentlemen who have interest with Cabinet Ministers, and who can afford to pass four years in looking forward to the happy day when they can proudly say they earn 150*l.* a year. But increased care is taken that those selected from this class shall not be in-

competent to their work, and shall have gained a fair mastery over the subjects they are most concerned to know. The other changes only remedy little inconveniences which experience had shown to exist in the style and in the mode of paying and pensioning diplomatists of different grades. For the general public, they have no interest or importance whatever.

The only point, therefore, which demands attention in these new regulations is that of the examination to which the candidates for diplomatic pay and honours are to be subjected. The great blot on the system in old days was, that men got into the service who brought it into ridicule, who could not write English or speak French, who took a lofty pride in knowing nothing of the country where they resided, and regarded questions of European diplomacy merely as the bores appointed by Providence to balance the opportunity of giving good dinners which fell to the lot of chiefs of legations. There was no reason why England should give even the scantiest of pay and an honourable position to such men. They were of no use, and they were not ornamental. It is a mere popular mistake to suppose that an ignorant Englishman, standing apart like a star, and feebly smiling the smile of insular impertinence, adds lustre to foreign Courts. A young diplomatist should be a gentleman, and accustomed to good society. He is expected to dance and, we fear, to flirt. But he should also be a man of education and intelligence, as he uses the name of England to take a position in society. To ensure this, the home authorities have for some time insisted on his passing a preliminary examination, and all that Earl RUSSELL has now done is to make the examination a little harder, and to alter some of the rules under which it was conducted. Hitherto, attachés have had to pass their principal examination on receiving their appointment as paid attachés; or if they were out of England when the appointment was bestowed, then they were examined on the first occasion of their coming to England. This was often very annoying, as it frequently subjected men to the necessity of being examined at a time of life when examinations should long ago have been things of the past. Under the new regulations, an attaché can, if he pleases, pass a single examination within six months after nomination, success in which will save him from any future examination. This examination is, probably, as hard and as extensive as it could have been made without driving men away from the service. After all, it must be remembered that only those will seek to pass who are content to live in foreign towns, and who can afford to pay out of their own pockets for their gloves and boots during four years, after which these articles will be supplied them by a grateful country. The attaché who is allure by this prospect must show, before he has a chance of entering on his promised land, that he knows French and German grammar thoroughly, can converse in French with perfect, and in German with tolerable, fluency, and can translate accurately from and into either language. He must also possess a fair knowledge of the political history of Europe, and of North and South America, from the year 1660 to 1860 inclusive, and of the most important international transactions during that period, and he must also know the rudiments of maritime and international law. There are also a number of elementary and non-professional subjects, such as orthography, arithmetic, and geography, in which he must show a certain proficiency. A man who can do all this cannot be a fool, so far as book-learning is wisdom. A knowledge of two foreign languages, of modern history, and of international law, is a very considerable guarantee that he has had a good education and has not thrown it away.

We can only be very glad that the diplomatic service has sufficient attractions to induce young men of means, of standing, and who have profited by a good education, to enter it. Theorists remark that if we paid our attachés high enough we should be sure of getting able men to enter it, and then we might open the field to competition. There seems no reason to put the nation to useless expense, or to try an experiment which might be hazardous, and which is supported by the countenance of very few who know what the society of foreign capitals is really like. We have got what we want as it is, and therefore there can be no reason for change. What we want is a sufficient number of young diplomats to make English society an element in foreign society, and to ensure that this element is as creditable as good manners and good education can render it. We also want a certain proportion who shall show themselves capable of high posts when their turn comes, and when the country wants their services. The nomination of the FOREIGN SECRETARY will, in the vast majority of instances, secure good manners, and the Examination will secure good education. Experience also shows that

at almost every mission there is at least one young diplomatist who is fit to rise—who cultivates the literature, and takes interest in the history and politics, of the country to which he is sent, or who, at any rate, steadily pursues his own education in the line to which he naturally leans. The names of Rome, Berlin, and Vienna will suggest the memory of several men of this sort to those who are acquainted with the present state of the service.

The only charge that is ever brought with any degree of clearness and earnestness against English diplomatists is, that they do not pay proper attention to the claims and needs of British sojourners in the country where they reside as representatives of England. Of course there is sometimes ground for this complaint. Young dandies are occasionally supercilious to those they consider snobs; but the snobs, if they were philosophers, would remember that this superciliousness is often the solitary comfort which a dandy in exile possesses. Sometimes, too, an English subject may not have all his just rights protected. The House of Commons, in the case of Mr. WATSON TAYLOR, lately intimated an opinion that one of the kindest, and ablest, and frankest of British Ministers had not plagued a foreign Government enough. But ordinarily, anything like a real grievance is taken up at once and with vigour; and British subjects get generally at the hands of Continental Governments a measure of justice that is more than full. In minor matters, perhaps the English legations are not very civil; and it requires the same sort of moral courage to ask an attaché for a little useful information as it does to give a Hansom cabman sixpence. But most of the complaints against our diplomats are made by persons who have no ground to go on; and these persons belong almost always to one of two classes. Either they are bold Britishers, who have acted in defiance of the laws and customs of the country they are in, who would know they were doing wrong in England, but who think that the Continent is a great playground on which they are entitled to be turned loose. Then, when the natives interfere with the game, the indignant British heart swells with anger; and if the injured man is not backed by the English Minister, his wrath boils over with a double heat. Or else the complainants are people whom the Minister has not asked to dinner, but who think that they ought to have been asked. We have little sympathy with these sufferers. It is impossible that an English Minister should ask everybody who thinks himself somebody; and yet this is what is demanded. When society was small, and its members known to each other, the English Minister always knew either the traveller himself or some of the friends and relations of the traveller, and asked him to dinner; or else the traveller was not in society at all and never expected to be asked. But now there is no beginning or end of English society. There is no set of people who alone are society. There is no line by which it can be recognised when the English traveller has or has not a claim to be asked. The consequence is, that the English Ministers abroad, for fear of giving offence, limit their hospitalities either to personal acquaintances or to persons of very high and undoubted position. This is a change which is not due to their niggardliness or their pride, but has been forced on them by the alteration which increasing wealth and increasing education have introduced into English society.

MR. BRIGHT ON AMERICA.

ALL controversies, about things human or things divine, are subject to this inconvenience—that the terms in use are apt, in the hands of a slippery advocate, to change their meaning from time to time, and to leave the disputants in perplexity whether to choose the unseemliness of giving up their watch-words, or the unpleasantness of giving up their opinions. We seem to be drifting into some such difficulty with reference to the words "despotism" and "freedom." We are all familiar with the political career of Mr. BRIGHT. He has probably talked more in favour of freedom, and in opposition to despotism, than any man alive, upon this side, at least, of the Atlantic. If we can bring familiarity, he ought to be a great authority upon the meaning of these words. But, for some years past, an odd colour-blindness appears to have been creeping over his political vision. He has not desisted from dwelling upon the beauties of freedom; but the instances he has selected for his eulogy have generally been cases which the rest of the world were agreeing to denounce as cases of atrocious tyranny. Two or three years ago, France was the subject of his admiration. At a time when the deportations to Cayenne and the restraints put upon the press were in everybody's mouth, he would dwell with rapture on the superiority of the "social liberties" of France

to the merely "political liberties" of England. It may be pleaded, however, that on that occasion Mr. BRIGHT spoke as a man of business. The French treaty was pending, and naturally, to him, shed a roseate hue over the institutions from which so lucrative an instrument could proceed. But recently the disease has gained on him, without so intelligible a cause. The only explanation that can be suggested of his admiration for the form of government which now prevails in the Federal States of America is, that he has praised America all his life, and that, whatever becomes of it, he must prove that he was right, by praising it to the end. Steeled by this resolution, the progress of events does not affect him; and spite of the tidings of each successive mail, he goes on speaking of Federal America as if it were a land of liberty, and of all its adversaries as the friends of despotism. On a recent occasion, he felt himself moved to write a rescript to the electors of a borough where an election was pending, pointing out to them that they ought on no account to vote for a candidate who had expressed sympathy for the Confederates and disapproval of President LINCOLN's policy. The following is the text of Mr. BRIGHT's decree thereupon:—"Do not let your choice fall upon one who has distinguished himself by his virulent and disgraceful attacks upon the American people and PRESIDENT, attacks which cut him off from the sympathy of everyone who is not a friend of despotism and slavery."

This is making wild work of our political vocabulary. Everyone who attacks the Federal PRESIDENT is a friend of despotism; or, in other words, the cause of the Federal PRESIDENT is the cause of freedom. Mr. LINCOLN's mode of government has been too notorious for Mr. BRIGHT to have been ignorant of its character. We are supplied, therefore, by the above rescript to the electors of an English borough, with Mr. BRIGHT's definition of freedom. A country is free, according to this new interpretation, where the chief of the State can dispose by his simple fiat, unsupported by any legislative sanction, of the liberty of every citizen. Mr. LINCOLN has suppressed some newspapers, and so overawed the remainder that they will publish nothing but what he permits. He has sent a military force to superintend elections, and has arrested the members of a Legislature for the votes which it might be supposed that they would give. He has arrested a judge belonging to a Court which is constitutionally his own superior, simply because that judge uttered a decree distasteful to him. He has been consigning men, at the rate of five-and-twenty per day, to the cells of a military dungeon for offences wholly unknown to the American law—for opposition speeches at public meetings, for words of ridicule or censure uttered in private conversation, nay, for simply offering to procure substitutes for persons liable to draught. Nor has he confined his measures of illegal violence to single individuals. He has erected a system of conscription on a model severer than that of any Continental State, and has sentenced the whole population of the States to be detained within his jurisdiction till the balloting is over. And all these things he has done by his own simple ukase, enforced by military power, without sanction or authority from any legislative assembly. These things are the modern democrat's definition of freedom. Conscriptions, a passport system, bastilles, *lettres de cachets*, indiscriminate arrests—gagged newspapers—public meetings silenced—elections, legislatures, courts of justice, violated by military power—these are the institutions which constitute Mr. BRIGHT's ideal of liberty, and which none but a "friend of despotism" may impugn. The step between Jacobinism and Imperialism is never a very long one; and opinions seem to move at railway pace in our day.

If the proceedings of President LINCOLN are not despotism, what conceivable course of conduct can justify the term? What did BOMBA do that LINCOLN has not done? They have both seized upon arbitrary power. Both have set at defiance a constitution to which they had sworn. They have both imprisoned their political opponents wholesale, in over-crowded cells, without form of law. They have both inflicted illegal penalties for words dropped in private conversation. They have both been served by subordinates far worse than themselves, whose atrocities have been related with loathing throughout the civilized world; and both have upheld those subordinates in their crimes. And both have justified themselves by the tyrant's proverbial plea, averring the extreme danger in which their government was placed. Events have lent a melancholy confirmation to the truth of this plea in the case of the unlucky King of NAPLES; and they promise to do the same service by President LINCOLN. There are, of course, differences of detail in the two tyrannies, arising from the different circumstances of the two potentates. The PRESIDENT's tyranny is less searching and more capricious, because he is

too incompetent a man to have organized a really effective system, and because his *régime* is too new to have allowed him time to train the necessary instruments. It may also be admitted, though accounts on that head differ, that Forts La Fayette and M'Henry are considerably cleaner than the Neapolitan prisons. On the other hand, the King of NAPLES' Ministers pale their ineffectual fires before BUTLER and TURCHIN; and the bombardment, from which the King himself derived his nickname, was an innocent pastime compared to the appalling tragedy that was perpetrated at Athens. There appears to be no doubt—that it is scarcely credible—that the officer who deliberately gave leave to his soldiers to work their will upon a school of girls belonging to the chief families of the Confederate States, is still an officer of the army of the United States. Is it the dotage of a half-softened brain, or is it sheer hypocrisy, that pretends to stigmatize as an act of friendship to despotism the denunciation of such a Government as this?

Mr. BRIGHT may, of course, if he likes, take TURCHIN's master under his protection, and—as he did four months ago—may continue to call that nation the freest upon earth where law and liberty are systematically violated. But he cannot do so with impunity. There is a limit to the ordinary fallibility allowed to human beings. That President LINCOLN's is not a free, but a despotic Government, is, in the eyes of most men, not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact. Beyond a certain point people will refuse to believe that a man of ordinary discernment can be innocently in error. If a man will persist in giving the name of free government to that which is obviously usurped and arbitrary power, he will generally be thought either to have some object in deceiving, or to have become so completely the slave of political passion, as to have lost the judgment of a reasonable being. In either case, his influence is not likely to be increased. The very last time he made his appearance in the House of Commons, Mr. BRIGHT was forcibly reminded that he had lost all control, even over those who agree the most closely with his destructive views. They might be Radical, but they had not ceased to be English. It has long been obvious that Mr. BRIGHT's allegiance is not to England, and that his patriotism finds no attraction here. The object on which it centres is plainly manifested now. His instinct of loyalty to the Government that rules at Washington is so irrepressible that he forgets the unseemliness of calling on an English borough to reject a candidate for disapproving the acts of a foreign potentate. In that consideration all English interests are forgotten. The nation to which, by every tie of sympathy and similarity, he belongs, is in danger; the Government which he would fain copy here, is on the verge of ruin; and in that distracting thought he even forgets to maintain a decent pretence of English feeling. He has been the prominent advocate of isolation. He has never ceased to exhort us to look to our own affairs alone, and not to shape our policy with any reference to the internal affairs of other nations. Yet he has so far forgotten the mere decencies of the part he acts, as to call upon English electors to punish by their votes at the hustings a candidate's antagonism to a foreign Government. It is a pity he cannot make up his mind to go where his political predilections would be appreciated, and his powers would have full play. A pure Yankee by nature, he can never attain to much influence here; and our ways of going on are too tranquil to furnish much scope for his combative powers. But if he would emigrate to Yankeedom he would probably be entrusted at once with the Governorship of some Secessionist population, and then he might have the satisfaction, which no doubt he often sighs for here, of trying the cogency of the Fort La Fayette argument upon the convictions of his political opponents.

BISHOPS AND BISHOP-MAKERS.

OF all the difficulties which beset the State in its relations with the Church, those arising out of the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage would seem, at first sight, to be likely to prove the least formidable. It is always very pleasant and easy to confer favours; and why should there be any exception to this general rule when the recipient happens to be a clergyman, and the benefactor a sovereign or a statesman? All the world over, to give is not only more blessed, but more gratifying to human vanity, than to receive. From the senator through whose delicate intervention a tide-waitership has been conferred on the least hopeful of his constituents, to the parish sexton who has inducted a deputy gravedigger into the solemn functions of his office, all patrons experience

a thrill of self-complacency and satisfaction at the installation of their nominees. The envy of disappointed candidates, or the ingratitudo of the person selected for preferment, may, it is true, come in afterwards to mar this momentary enjoyment; but the pleasure of the patron, whatever may be his rank in life, is nevertheless as genuine, so long as it lasts, as that of the Highland sportsman who endows his Southern friends with the produce of his moors or forests. How comes it to pass, then, that of all the gifts which it falls to the lot of the PRIME MINISTER of England to bestow, Archbishopsrics or Bishoprics, whatever happiness they may confer on the recipients, seem to give the least satisfaction to the donors in the process of bestowal? Lord PALMERSTON, who has appointed ten Bishops and two Archbishops during the last four years, does not, perhaps, openly bemoan himself as Lord MELBOURNE did under the burden of ecclesiastical patronage. His avowed disbelief in the doctrine of Original Sin, and his general impression of the innocence of everybody, founded, no doubt, on a long personal experience, may probably render him less anxious as to the character and qualifications of those who are to hold high offices in the Church than the easy-going Minister whose strongest anathemas were hurled against Bishops and other dignitaries, not for anything wrong which they did in their lifetime, but because during his term of office they occasionally died. But Lord MELBOURNE did not enjoy the advantage of a lordly lay confessor ready and willing to take the theological department of his business off his hands. He had no Chief Commissioner of Works to keep a register of parsons out of place—no amateur practitioners to feel for him without a fee the religious pulse of England, and, like the sanitary manuals which teach us “what ‘to eat, drink, and avoid,’ to select offhand, out of the many candidates for each ecclesiastical vacancy, which the Minister should appoint and which he should disappoint.

At this moment, the Province of York, and the Dioceses of London, Norwich, Ripon, Rochester, Worcester, Durham, Gloucester, and Carlisle, are under Bishops of Lord PALMERSTON's appointment. To the three last-named sees it has been his Lordship's privilege to nominate in succession two prelates apiece. His hand must be well in for the work. A statesman who has been, in one capacity or other, a member of some dozen Administrations since the days of Lord LIVERPOOL, may well be supposed to have worn off by this time all sentimental scruples in the exercise of patronage, lay and ecclesiastical. With a *Clergy List* of ten or twelve thousand incumbents before him, it would seem to be as easy for him to choose a Bishop from the lot as for an ordinary mortal to call a cab off the stand. The only question would be, whether Oxford or Cambridge were the “first turn-out.” But though the present PREMIER enjoys not only all those advantages which we have enumerated, but whatever official inspiration may be derived from more interesting drawing-room influences, the task of keeping up the Episcopal staff, and determining the gradations of its dignitaries, is probably little less perplexing to Lord PALMERSTON than it has been to his predecessors in former times. There are, in fact, abundant reasons why it should be far more so. So long as clergymen of the HOPKINS and PHINEHAS school could be thrust with impunity by a political patron into high places in the Church—so long as Holy Orders were the accredited passport of the booby of each family to the maintenance which no other profession could afford him—it was comparatively easy for an indolent Minister, without outraging public opinion, to pocket his responsibilities and give way to his good-nature in the distribution of Church patronage. But, without pretending to be more pious than our forefathers, we may, at all events, claim for the age in which we live a sense of propriety and outward decorum which exacts a proportionately higher standard of energy and intelligence among those who are called to occupy high places in the Church of England. And the average qualifications of all who are eligible have risen at the same time. The demands of public opinion have, in fact, been met by an adequate supply. For every bishopric that falls vacant there are at least a hundred priests about equally qualified to fill the vacancy; and though four-fifths of them may be among those greatest men of whom the world knows nothing, who have no religious newspapers to puff their piety, and no Parliamentary backers to whisper in the ear of the PRIME MINISTER praises of their “administrative powers,” the number of names brought, through various channels, under his official notice is probably large enough to be rather calculated to embarrass than to aid his selection out of all the tints and patterns of theological varieties submitted to his choice. The more excellent the show, the more difficult the duties of the umpire in awarding either the empty compliments of commendation or the solid pudding of a prize. This is

equally the case, whether the exhibition be of clergy, cattle, or chrysanthemums. But there is one great difference between competitors of the lower and higher orders of creation—the former do not ask for a prize, the latter not unfrequently do. The flowers and oxen appeal to the judge who is the fountain of horticultural or bucolic honours by the still rhetoric of their well-padded loins and brilliant petals; but the clergy, being endowed with the divine faculty of speech, and sharing with their lay brethren the fatal facilities of the penny post, are sometimes tempted to use both in more distinct and articulate intercessions with the arbiter who distributes the stars and ribands of the ecclesiastical arena. It is recorded in Lord STANHOPE's *Life of Mr. Pitt* that an aspirant to high office in the Church, who thought he had gossiped himself into a bishopric, wrote to the Minister to acknowledge the favour which had been conferred upon him. The trick does not appear to have succeeded; but the reverend gentleman is not without his imitators, even in our own refined age, either among the laity or his own order, in this species of diplomacy.

Convocationists who desire to amalgamate the lay and clerical elements in the Church will find a remarkable bond of brotherhood to exist between them in aspirations of this nature. Not long ago, a noble Earl, who had distributed for two years the patronage of the Crown, is said to have declared publicly to some two hundred of his Parliamentary supporters, whom he was stimulating to a lively sense of future favours, that though, during his brief period of office, he had only submitted the names of seven commoners to HER MAJESTY for elevation to the Peerage, he had at least received seven personal applications for each one so recommended from aspirants to that honour. It is not, however, by this coarse and direct process that bishoprics are ordinarily sought or obtained. The machinery for their manufacture is more complicated, and its operations are more refined. It is not insinuated that it is the fashion nowadays for a man to ask in plain English for a mitre to place it on his brows. If in his heart he wishes for it, he persuades himself, if not others, that it is not for the wealth or rank which it confers, but in obedience to the apostolic authority which tells him that "he who desires a bishopric desires a good 'work.'" That the semi-religious instinct which impels him to long for a "larger sphere of usefulness" should occasion some flutterings in the breast of a poor and hard-worked parson, with a full nursery and an empty purse, when he sees his name in print as one of the candidates *in posse* for some episcopal see whose revenues have not yet been rifled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, is natural enough. If the circular announcing the vacancy at Lambeth, which was almost simultaneously received by the five-and-twenty Bishops of England as they were walking into their respective cathedrals on the morning of last Sunday week, should for the moment, in some instances, have slightly distracted their thoughts from the solemn services on which they were about to enter, all we can say is, small blame to them, if any. The ambition which is excused in a layman as the last infirmity of noble minds is not more culpable in the ecclesiastic who, without shrinking from the toils attached to the highest offices of his calling, is not indifferent to their dignity and renown. But there are, nevertheless, evils which notoriously infect our system of Church patronage, both as regards its distributors and its recipients, which are fraught with mischief not less serious in their kind than those of other days which were more offensively and outwardly corrupt. In place of those jobbing, but gentlemanly, agencies which this enlightened age so indignantly reprobates, a class of theological touters has risen up amongst us who emerge from their obscurity whenever any prelate is unhappily removed from the sphere of his spiritual labours. These bishop-brokers, who receive their commission in the gratification of the holy spirit of religious partisanship, work in season and out of season. The breath has scarcely left the body of a deceased prelate before they smother the unfortunate PREMIER, whoever he may be, with the oral and written testimonials of their pet candidates for the vacancy. A course of canvassing, and advertising, and puffing, is commenced by the firm through all its diocesan agencies, which, if not quite so public, is at least as energetic as that of the spirited dealer in "ruby ports" and "nutty sherries" who placards the walls of the metropolis. It is not too much to say that, out of materials of the rottenness and sliminess of which those who use them are scarcely conscious, a system of pious intrigue, discreditable alike to those who construct it and to those who climb by it, has been framed as the ladder of ecclesiastical ambition.

Against such a system, by whatever party it may be carried on, in the interest of the Church of England we cordially

protest. That its members will ever be exempt from that conflict of thought and opinion which pervades universal Christendom we do not venture to anticipate; but if the patronage of its high offices is to be made subservient to religious rancour and the humouring of polemical caprice—if the eagerness for self-aggrandizement, which presents a somewhat pitiable spectacle when exhibited by any class of educated men, is to be constantly paraded before a critical community as the prominent characteristic of those whose function it is to preach that "Charity which seeketh nother own"—it needs no prophet to foretell that such a system cannot but imperil the influence and vitality of the Church of England. It is by the delegation of its high offices to those who shall faithfully represent the varied opinions of all comprised within communion so Catholic, and by a consistent exhibition on the part of those who seek those offices of the unworldly spirit they inculcate, that our national Church can hope to retain her hold on the national affections, and her present foremost position as, in our country, the cardinal instrument of Christian civilization.

THE TREATMENT OF THE THAMES.

THIS Report of the Commissioners on the Southern Embankment of the Thames was so utterly incomprehensible, that all those who felt any interest in the improvement of our river must have looked with some curiosity for the publication of the evidence on which the conclusions of the LORD MAYOR and his colleagues were founded. This evidence has now been printed; and though it reveals the materials out of which the report was concocted, it makes the recommendations contained in it more amazing than ever. It is difficult to believe that the curt judgment of the Commission was meant for anything more than an ironical condemnation of the main object of an embankment at all. It is not the first time that a Commission has ended a laborious inquiry by forgetting the purpose for which it was appointed. The last Northern Embankment Committee muddled itself over evidence until it came to believe that it was constituted for the sake of preserving unimpaired the view from Richmond Terrace, and of preventing two streets crossing at right angles. The supplementary Commission for the southern shore has, in like manner, possessed itself with the idea that it was appointed to devise a convenient access to the Battersea and Nine Elms stations, and to save the mud banks and crazy wharves which line the river from the hand of innovation. The primary purpose of an embankment—the improvement of the river, and its shores—was steadily excluded from consideration, and the result was the inexpressibly absurd proposal that the embankment of one shore should begin exactly where that of the other is intended to stop. Everyone has heard of the two Irishmen who, having ten miles to walk, consoled themselves with the reflection that it was only five miles a-piece; but the Commissioners' map is perhaps the first example of the application of this principle to a serious undertaking. For some three or four miles the Thames passes through London, and requires to be quayed on both sides, as rivers are quayed in cities which make no pretensions to rank with the metropolis of England. The problem was, no doubt, one of some complexity, though the obstacles to be surmounted have been exaggerated to a ludicrous extent. To deal with these difficulties, Committees and Commissions have been appointed annually within the memory of man, and the last suggestion of their matured wisdom is to lighten the task by dividing the four miles of embankment between the two shores, and letting the north and south do two miles a-piece.

That a river is more likely to be injured than beautified by having a quay on one side only is treated by the LORD MAYOR's Commission as a matter of such entire indifference that not a word of excuse is offered for carefully preserving the fetid foreshore, on one side or the other, throughout the entire course of the London river. A very pretty plan is printed, in which a pink line from Westminster to Blackfriars represents the Northern quay, while a red band from the unused station at Battersea past Nine Elms to Westminster Bridge shows the limits of the indulgence which is to be granted to the Surrey shore. This precious scheme is to cost more than a million for the south bank alone; and the only inference which it can suggest to any one gifted with a particle of common sense is, that it would be better to abandon the idea of embanking the Thames altogether than to waste money upon a project which would be certainly worthless and possibly mischievous. That this was the conclusion to which some at least of the Commissioners wished to lead the public mind is evident enough from a glance at the evidence; and the true explanation of the

report probably is, that it was intended to embody the conviction that the instructions under which the Commissioners sat were based on a Utopian delusion. Read by this light, the report and the proceedings become at once intelligible; and we may take it as the opinion of the LORD MAYOR and the gentlemen associated with him, that to direct an inquiry what plan of embankment would best conduce to the embellishment and convenience of the Surrey side of the Thames, and to the improvement of the navigation, was a piece of idle folly which deserved nothing but contempt. The studied silence of the report as to any improvement of the river, and the proposal of a scheme which would leave it at least as offensive as ever, might themselves have suggested this interpretation of the oracle; but all doubt is removed by the tone which pervades the whole investigation.

It is one of the inconveniences of entrusting the chief conduct of an inquiry to a person supposed to possess a special acquaintance with the subject, that witnesses are examined less for the purpose of eliciting their opinions than to afford an opportunity for the authoritative declaration of the pre-conceived views of the Chairman. This was the rock on which the whole investigation split. It is no great reproach to Lord Mayor CUBITT to say that he did not exhibit the judicial faculty which would have enabled him patiently to bring out the views and arguments of witnesses opposed to his own opinions. The consequence was, that, whoever was summoned before the Committee, the real witness was the Chairman himself. He had made up his mind that to talk of the mud banks as a nuisance was all moonshine, that it was idle to think of embanking the river for its own sake, and that the only legitimate object of a quay was to serve the purpose of a new street in places where existing thoroughfares were insufficient for the traffic. It was to no purpose that Mr. HAWKESLEY, Mr. CARPMAEL, and a host of other engineers, explained the absolute necessity of a double embankment to train the river, as it is aptly termed, and at the same time to abolish altogether those muddy foreshores which, even after the completion of the drainage works, must continue to pollute both the air and the stream, as they do now in rivers like the Medway, which are not loaded with the impurities of an enormous city. The Chairman had come to the unalterable conviction that the sanitary improvement of the river was a thing to be put down, and that neither embellishment, navigation, cleanliness, nor any consideration whatever, except the increase of accommodation for wharf and other traffic, deserved to weigh a feather in the balance. From the beginning to the end of the inquiry there was no affectation of concealing a settled opinion which certainly made the LORD MAYOR the very worst person to inquire into the best way of doing what he was fully convinced ought never to be done. One or two extracts from the Appendix will suffice as examples of the mode in which the inquiry was conducted. Question 1142, which followed an observation by a witness that he supposed the powers of the Commission to be similar to those of the former Commission, took this singular form: —

(Chairman.) There is no strict analogy between the two inquiries. The object of the former Commission was to make a new line of thoroughfare—a capacious thoroughfare, or some such word as that—from Westminster to the City. That was one of the things which we were directed to do so as to relieve the traffic of the most crowded streets. That was one distinct object. Another object was to find a means of making the low level sewer without going through the Strand and Fleet Street. These were the two objects which we had. Now there are no such objects on the Surrey side and no such necessity.

Here, again, is a prediction which was repeated incessantly in a variety of forms as a ground for treating the purification of the river as wholly beside the question: —

1145 (Chairman.) I say, that when your great system of main drainage is carried out there will be such an amelioration of the condition of the banks that they will not be at all what they are now considered to be in a sanitary point of view.

No one could be more entitled than the LORD MAYOR to be heard as a witness upon such a subject of inquiry; but when we find him, in his capacity of Chairman, excluding with the utmost persistency what most persons would suppose to be the essence of the investigation, and treating the whole inquiry as a mere question of facilitating traffic, the strange recommendations of the report begin to have a meaning of their own. It is obvious that if a new street were the only thing wanted, it could scarcely be carried along a worse line than the south bank of the Thames. Far greater traffic accommodation could be given at half the cost by roads at some little distance from the property of clamorous wharfingers; but the terms of the Commission prescribed an embankment, and the report has suggested a course which neutralizes all the benefits of a quay, with the exception of that one which might be better secured

without an embankment at all. No one can imagine that such a proposal will be carried out; and if ever the claims of the south side of the river should be again investigated, we trust that the Thames itself will be allowed at least one advocate on the Commission, and that the question how best to embank the stream will not be entrusted to Commissioners who have satisfied themselves beforehand that it ought not to be embanked at all.

WEALTH AND THOUGHT.

IT is an old remark that we live in an age of transition. We feel that the world is moving on rapidly—that events succeed events—that new modes of thinking are in birth—that the nations and races of men are passing into new relations. But we find it hard to say what is the change that is taking place, or where we are hurrying. Calmly and almost happily, without enthusiasm, without much fear, and even without much curiosity, we await our coming fortunes. For the first time, probably, in the history of the world, men are consciously entering on a great epoch of change, and yet scarcely rouse themselves to wonder what this change will be. This contrast between the greatness of the change we are undergoing and the languor and ease with which speculation encounters it, arises from the nature of the change itself, and from the main agent that is producing it. This agent is wealth; and wealth is too comfortable and too engrossing to breed curious thoughts, and to prompt remote inquiries, in the first moment of its acquisition. The world is growing rich, and riches are bringing with them novelty into every path of human life. Great as are the changes that wealth brings to the outward man, greatly as it alters his enjoyments and powers, its outward influence is a little matter as compared with its inward. It is the thoughts which accompany and follow the diffusion of wealth that give it its astonishing force of transmutation. We are passing from the old to the new because we are making money, and because making money is slowly altering our opinions and our creeds.

The greatest and most obvious effect of wealth is to break down the barriers which distance in space and distance in social rank have put up between nation and nation, and between man and man. The East mixes with the West—the scattered parts of a nation are brought together—the superficial distinctions of class vanish. Mankind is going through a great fusion. It is being made one, not by conquest, not by the spread of a creed, but by the interchange of commodities. The nations most actively engaged in the work diffuse, of course, their own ideas, govern after their own fashion, civilize after their own pattern; but they are changed while they change others, and learn as much as they teach.

It is sometimes much easier to see what is going on at home, and in our daily life, than to look further abroad. We can very soon come upon the signs of the superficial equality that is now the main feature of society. This equality is only superficial. Ranks still divide the world, and education divides it yet more. But nevertheless the lines of outward demarcation are disappearing. Who is a gentleman? In old days the answer was easy. A gentleman was a man with landed property, or in one of the genteel professions, or in particular highly respectable departments of trade. But now there are a thousand irregular ways of making money, and when the money is got, the fortunate proprietor of a good house and a good income thinks himself up to the level of his neighbours. This man has bought a patent, and the patent has turned out well. That has bought and sold Consols until he has at last really got some Consols to sell, and some means of buying more. A third has begun with a barrow, and passed through the grade of contractor to that of millionaire. Wealth comes in at every window now, and when there is an equality of wealth, there is a sort of social equality. The second generation, at any rate, get the best of educations, and may aspire to any society. The old notion of gentleman or not gentleman is fast disappearing, and with it go a thousand fine associations, and a thousand traditional feelings. It is not to be expected that the standard can be quite so high when its area is so extended. We are obliged to have a code of manners and institute an order of social institutions that will take in as large a number of persons as possible.

Wealth, too, is altering the habits and the position of the poor. There is no one now who, after Catechism days are safely over, will demean himself by owning that he is content to live in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. Every one wishes to rise, and avoids as much as possible all outward signs of inferiority. The village girl girds herself with hoops as if she were a barrel. The housemaid lights the fire in a silk dress. The shopboy encases himself in one of those solid suits of black which are so easy and comfortable, and are known to stamp a man as a gentleman. It is not only that the poor are better off. They are much better off than they used to be, for the same money will now purchase many more things, and especially many more imitations of good things. It is idle to say that a poor girl is not richer, when she can buy with the same money a sham silk that in old times would only have bought her a stuff gown. She is richer; for she wants the sham silk, and she can now get it. Her money now enables her to gratify her tastes, which it did not do before. But also the particular form which the development of wealth has taken in our days has swept away much of the subjection in which

the poor used to be held. They were once grouped in dependencies round the feudal centre of the squire. They had the village fear of the great man upon them. They respected, or pretended to respect, the parson. Now, railroads are gradually extinguishing local ties. A girl who does not like her country home goes to service in London. A boy who is intelligent and depressed discovers he can emigrate. Throughout their lives they find less and less reason to follow the fortunes of particular individuals. One master or patron will do if another fails. In London, the pressure for servants is so great, owing to the enormous number of people who can afford to keep them, that they have scarcely the necessity of sustaining a marketable character. They calculate that some one is sure to employ them; and they are not far wrong.

With this social liberty and these social aspirations, there also comes to the poor, education. The stir of mind that causes and accompanies the production of wealth produces also in our days a wish to teach some sort of knowledge to those who are beneath us. The poor, too, have a faint wish to learn; they think learning a good thing, if not for themselves, at least for their children. And the education given to the poor is one that comes upon them from above. There is an equality in education as in everything else; and it seems as if we denied people something to which they had a right if we pretend to teach them, and yet do not give them our best learning. Nor is it only among the very poor that education descends in this way from above. In every rank there is an attempt to learn and know the same things. The Commercial Academy professes to give the highest of all possible educations at a most moderate figure. There are books of instruction on every conceivable subject for the million. You may even, it is stated, learn French or Italian in three months without a master for nine-pence, and no one can say that is dear. Every possible virtue is recommended, every possible difficulty anticipated, every character analysed and booked in some of the unceasing productions of the inexhaustible novel-writers of the day. There is nothing we may not know or have explained to us for half-a-crown; and as half-crowns are so plentiful in these days, wealth brings thought in its train.

One of the most curious ways in which wealth is operating to produce a change in modern society, is in the stirring up of nationalities. Nations that seemed asleep are waking into new life; scattered peoples are longing to group themselves together, and to get a recognised existence. Political theories and discussions about forms of government are a little out of date. They were the result of reflection, and were imposed by statesmen and speculative thinkers upon nations. In most European countries, some sort of constitutionalism is triumphant, because the increasing number of wealthy people and the energy that goes with the acquisition of wealth desires some representation in the government of the country. But it is easy to see that the main object at the heart of the people is not to have a particular form of government, but to assert themselves as a nation. In America, even republicans are willing to abandon their model institutions in order that they may be a great empire. As people begin to grow rich they wish to have a definite position. They do not like to be nobodies on the face of the earth. They feel a desire for a bond between them and their neighbours. Nationality supplies this bond. It supplies a source of pride external to the individual. It supplies a means of feeling self-respect and of winning respect in the world. It is something for even a rich man to be a citizen of a great nation. Since Spain began to grow rich she has also begun to hold up her head. She felt called on to kill a few thousand Moors to show she was not afraid. She asked to be admitted into the Councils of Europe as a great Power. The beginning of the Hungarian revolution was the start Hungary made under Count Szechenyi in the development of her resources. It is the rich Greek traders who keep up the dream of a new Byzantine Empire. Hence it is that wealth, although so greatly depending on peace for its existence, leads so often to war. These nationalities cannot expand, or come into existence, or assert their position, or claim their just rights without showing a willingness to fight. Nation jars against nation, and the subject nationality revolts against its masters. Hence, our age is pre-eminently one of wars and rumours of war; and improvements in artillery occupy quite as much attention as improvements in looms and locomotives.

Yet, although most of our enterprises might easily lead to wars, the peaceful commerce of nations is that which mostly prevails. Every day adds to the means by which one nation communicates with another, and to the ties which bind them together; and as nations mix with nations, they gradually interchange ideas. In the first place, each teaches the other something; each comes with a certain amount of ideas that it attempts, more or less directly, to impart. In the second place, certain ways of thinking result from the mere fact of the intercourse. The English, for example, go to the East, imbued, theoretically at least, with the doctrines of Protestant Christianity. These are a stock of thoughts which they already have. But they also bring other thoughts away with them. A certain amount of toleration is the almost inevitable result of mixing freely with nations whose creeds are as various as their climates. It is not a very profound or elevated set of ideas that those who go from the West really bear to the East. Or rather, although the main ideas are high, the force they assume in the minds of those who transport them is not high. Nor are the views they receive in return very definite or philosophical. There is a certain activity of thought

promoted by this international companionship; but it is only thought on the level of very ordinary minds. Here, as everywhere else, the main characteristic of our age shows itself. We have, through the agency of wealth, an enormous diffusion of thought which is true, but narrow and common-place. Instead of a few minds soaring, it is now as if the whole human race was being screwed up a point or two higher. The transition through which we are passing is not the transition from high thought to higher, but the transition from the thought of the few to the thought of the many.

It is not difficult to take a cheerful view of this process, and to see the good it is bringing to the world. It would go on exactly the same whether we approved of it or not, but we may congratulate ourselves that we can approve of it. That the unnoticed of the earth—that the millions—that even "rascally shopkeepers" should get some of the good things that are going, should have a share in the comforts, and the education, and the religion of the happy upper classes, cannot be a subject of regret. If these things are good, and give pleasure, it is desirable that all who can should get hold of them. It is rather hard, in practice, to reconcile ourselves to all that this fusion of mankind involves—the breaking down of old manners, the popularization of science, the dressy independence of our retainers. But if we magnanimously stifle our personal feelings, and think only of what is best for our neighbours, and not of what is most comfortable for ourselves, we must own it is undesirable that the human race should be divided into a tiny majority of philosophers and saints, and an overwhelming majority of ignorant, wicked brutes. A shopkeeper who knows a little English history is surely so far better than if he knew none. He has secured that infinitesimal amount of happiness which a knowledge of the history of his native land may be supposed to bring with it. The educated man who hears his humble views on English history is very likely provoked or aroused by them. He thinks small things of the retailer's vague, pretentious, superficial learning. He is quite right to do so, if he is setting himself to compare sham learning or very slight progress with thorough knowledge. But he may be very much misled if the conclusions he thus draws are taken by him to show what the hazy historian of the counter has gained. In order to make that calculation he ought to compare the shopkeeper, not with learned men, but with other and wholly ignorant shopkeepers. The poor man, too, who neglects to brush his hat, the maid who will dress smartly, the Trades Union man on strike, are often exceedingly silly, coarse, mistaken, and improvident. But they act as they do, because there is a chance open to them and their class that was never open before—because increasing wealth gives them new hopes, and because they are at last beginning to have thoughts of their own.

MR. SPURGEON AT CHEDDAR.

THE great preacher of the latter days has lately been performing among scenes which must have afforded him a pleasing contrast to his ordinary places of ministration. The West-Saxon mind seems to be fertile in combinations of excitement and edification. It may be remembered that when, some time back, help was wanted for some charitable purpose in the town of Glastonbury, its promoters hit on the original idea of setting Blondin to perform within the precincts, if not within the very walls, of the most venerable building in England. Not far off lies a spot made not less remarkable by the hand of nature than Glastonbury is by the hand of art. We fear that there are minds in which the name of Cheddar will arouse no idea save one which is equally aroused by the names of Stilton and Parmesan. Cheddar is indeed famous for cheese, but it is famous also for, perhaps, the finest inland rock scenery in England. The winding pass in the Mendips, to which the village gives its name, excites the admiration of visitors who have gone through the passes of Snowdon, and even through those of Caucasus. The spot is also ennobled by a commemorative legend. One of the West-Saxon kings, Edward the Elder, if we rightly remember, was chasing the stag in the forest of Mendip; the stag plunged over the precipice, and the king's horse miraculously halted on the very brink. Some of the great religious foundations of the West arose as offerings of gratitude for the monarch's deliverance. Had not the men of Glastonbury taken the shine out of the idea, it might have been a brilliant thought to set Blondin to perform over the chasm, and to show how little "the hero of Niagara" would reck of obstacles which proved so nearly fatal to an Old-English king. But Blondin at Cheddar would hardly have been a successful hit so soon after Blondin at Glastonbury; so, when Cheddar, like her neighbour, wanted help, recourse was had to a mountebank of another kind. Mr. Spurgeon was summoned from the metropolitan Tabernacle made with hands to hold forth in the yet vaster natural temple afforded by the rocks of Cheddar. There is certainly something striking in the idea—something quite beyond the humdrum, everyday process of preaching in a room or even in a field. To be sure the thoughts suggested by such a preaching-place are heathen or Jewish rather than Christian. It is the sort of spot where one could fancy hoary Druids posted to launch curses upon the Roman invader, and where one can better realize how the prophet and the sixty elders of Delphi waited in silence for the coming of the Persian or the Gaul. Or it may carry us back to the terrors of the Old Law—to the days when Elijah and the prophets of Baal were gathered together unto Mount Carmel. It was well, indeed, that this last parallel

did not occur to the mind of Mr. Spurgeon, or the scene might have ended in a general massacre of the Chapter of Wells, or in a march, in the spirit of Jehu, to break down such small relics of ancient superstition as survive at Glastonbury. We fear, however, that Mr. Spurgeon and his admirers did not fully enter into the sublimity of the scene into which they had thrust themselves. We find, from the local papers, that Mr. Spurgeon held forth, not from the cliff itself, but from a "temporary pulpit"—one account calls it a "rude pulpit"—fixed against it. We do not know whether a "rude pulpit" is a euphemism for a tub; but we cannot but think that any pulpit, any work of human art of any kind, must have been strangely out of place "on the side of the cliff, near to the 'Witch's Cave.'" The erection of the pulpit may have been prompted by the same spirit of humane caution as that precept of the Mosaic law which commands every man to make a battlement round his house-top. In the fervour of his oratory the preacher might have made a false step; and probably Mr. Spurgeon, like some other saints and prophets, has no wish to be made into relics before his time. But aesthetically it was surely a mistake. The prophet, standing on the bare rock, pouring forth his thunders to the heaven above and to the earth below, might have been a subject for a painter. But the prophet, standing up to his middle in a beer-barrel, must surely have been an object somewhat incongruous with the place, and must have illustrated the easy transition from the sublime to the ridiculous. And we are sorry to record another sad instance of insensibility to the position. The bill of fare for the day included two sermons, with an intermediate tea-drinking. The tea-drinking, of course, was held in some more terrestrial place—we believe in the Tabernacle of the village. But after the tea-drinking, instead of returning to his rocky height, instead of pressing into his service the setting sun and the lessons which it sets forth, Mr. Spurgeon retired, for his evening discourse, into the shade of a "spacious marquee erected in a field kindly lent for the purpose by the churchwarden of the parish." This was surely a lame and impotent ending after so noble a beginning. A giant refreshed with wine is a Scriptural metaphor. Surely the cups which cheer but not inebriate should have had an equally invigorating effect on Mr. Spurgeon. We should have expected him, instead of ignominiously taking refuge in a marquee, to have climbed the rocks with redoubled agility, and to have made the heights of Cheddar, like those of Ebal, resound with curses of even greater power than they had echoed to under the garish light of day.

This expedition of Mr. Spurgeon to Cheddar is not without its importance. We think we see some slight signs of the bubble bursting. The oratory of the Metropolitan Tabernacle does not seem to have quite suited the rustic mind of Somersetshire. That Mr. Spurgeon "drew," we need not say. Cheddar is a place used to be full, but it cannot often have been so full as it was on Mr. Spurgeon's day. Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that in the reign of Constantius there was no travelling with any comfort, the roads were so blocked up with bishops running to and from the innumerable councils of that time. So every road into Cheddar, during Mr. Spurgeon's brief reign there, was blocked up—not, indeed, with bishops, but with seekers after a ministry that dispenses with bishops. That, among so many devotees, there were some black sheep is not wonderful. The prodigious numbers of worshippers dragged up and down the hills by a single horse suggested to the profane that, if Mr. Spurgeon's song was of judgment and mercy, it could hardly have been of that form of mercy which consists in regarding the life of one's beast. After the conclusion, as cartfuls passed by whose occupants were clearly merry, and seemingly not singing psalms, scoffers along the road were known to ask whether the flock had confined itself to the harmless beverage of the shepherd; and whether, amid the varied ritual of the day, the cultus of Dionysus had not somehow contrived to intrude itself. That Mr. Spurgeon's oratory should suggest ideas of mirth and jollity we really are not surprised. We are more concerned with the fact that his Cheddar performance called forth serious criticism from hearers who evidently went prepared to admire and be edified. There is nothing wonderful in this. We can well believe that a serious and respectable Dissenter would be just as much scandalized at one of Mr. Spurgeon's exhibitions as a serious and respectable Churchman. Indeed, an orderly and thoughtful member of Mr. Spurgeon's own sect would naturally be more offended than anybody else at seeing what he holds to be the truth perverted into so grotesque a form. Such, certainly, seems to have been the effect of Mr. Spurgeon's Cheddar discourses, upon some, at least, of his hearers. We have before us a local paper, giving a report of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. The writer is apparently a Dissenter—at all events, he is one who did not go to scoff or to find fault. But what he heard was too much for his common sense and his religious feelings. Whatever may be the sort of worship to which he is accustomed, he is at least used to treat his Maker with reverence. Mr. Spurgeon, he finds, does not do so, and he is shocked accordingly. Of course, our West-Saxon critic's strictures are of the most obvious kind; but it should be remembered that for a small local paper freely to speak its mind about a popular idol really requires a good deal of moral courage. He fully allows Mr. Spurgeon's earnestness, and his "evident desire to be instrumental in saving souls." But, he adds:—

Still he is not a man whose ministry we should like regularly to attend, or who we should care often to hear preach. There is too much of the theatrical in his manner, and a certain degree of coarseness in many of his expressions and similes; as for example, when he spoke of those who trust partly to

themselves and partly to Christ, as taking their old shoes to Jesus Christ that he might cobble them up. Of course the picture immediately presented to the mind was that of a cobbler on his seat patching an old shoe, and to suggest such an idea as that of Him who is the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person, was very repulsive.

The rustic hearers, it seems, did not appreciate metaphor, and they found Mr. Spurgeon a great deal too fine for them. The illustrations were so grand that they quite put out of sight the thing illustrated. Our critic goes on, with small regard to composition or punctuation, but with a great deal of native good sense:—

Some of his illustrations were too long and had too much of minute and trifling detail worked into them, as for example that in which he represented a countryman receiving a summons from the Queen to repair to Windsor. The illustration was extremely good but the end it was intended to answer did not require the conversation in the railway carriage, the interviews with the Grenadier Guard, and the livery servant, John's surprise at seeing the beautiful ornaments and grand paper-hanging in the palace, nor his scratching his head, nor his dismay at seeing the imprint of his hobnailed boots on the fine Turkey carpet. All these incidents no doubt made the picture more complete but they tended also to divert the minds of the hearers, and we venture to say that carried away by all this word-painting by, the time Her Majesty was represented to have an interview with John, the great and important truth intended to be impressed and enforced had gone clean out of the minds of many.

Our friend, too, is naturally surprised at finding Mr. Spurgeon, whom he counts for an eloquent man, depreciating and mocking at eloquence. He is still more puzzled at certain inconsistencies of the oracle as to the matter of education. Mr. Spurgeon, it seems, has got a College, and is President of it. Indeed, he came to Cheddar partly on behalf of his College; the proceeds of his exhibition were to be divided between this same College and the local object at Cheddar which he came to help. These things being so, our simple countryman is naturally amazed at hearing Mr. Spurgeon sneer at "the educated ministry," and "bless God that he is not a college-spun minister." He goes on, with exceeding good sense, to say:—

It is well to be thankful but our own opinion is that he would have had greater reason for gratitude if he had been "a college-spun minister." While listening to him the idea suggested to our mind was that of a flower garden, containing many choice and beautiful flowers, but greatly needing the pruning knife, and an experienced trainer. If Mr. Spurgeon had gone through a collegiate course he would have been subjected to such pruning and training, and we honestly believe that he would have greatly profited thereby.

Lastly, even the doctrine does not wholly please. Our West-Saxon theologian has not forgotten an old text about the unlikelihood of finding grapes on thorns or figs on thistles. Let Mr. Spurgeon smite the Pharisees by all means, but let him smite the Antinomians too:—

If many trust to their good works for salvation, there are many who expect to be saved without good works. It certainly did strike us as a great omission that while so ably destroying the one refuge of lies Mr. Spurgeon did not also give a good hearty blow at the other. In addressing a promiscuous assembly, comprising perhaps many who seldom if ever attend a place of worship, we do think that if a preacher's subject requires him to denounce good works as the ground of acceptance, he should take special care to guard his remarks from conveying a wrong impression by affirming, with equal emphasis, the necessity of good works, or of holy living, as the inevitable effect of a change of heart, and as affording the only evidence of such a change having been experienced.

This sort of criticism is certainly exceedingly creditable to the good sense of the local press. It is thoroughly friendly, but nothing more damaging to Mr. Spurgeon can be thought of. His doctrine, his style, his manner, his consistency, are all upset. We may say, what the local writer would not say, but what his remarks clearly imply—that the exhibition of Spurgeon at Cheddar must have been exactly as edifying, and no more, as the exhibition of Blondin at Glastonbury.

We are not very familiar with the etiquette of these things. We find that Mr. Spurgeon, on his first appearance, was received with applause, which he acknowledged by removing his hat. The effect must have been a little singular, and must, one would think, have reminded some of his hearers of an election rather than of a sermon. We know not whether any other part of the discourse drew forth a clap, but we are sure that the wind-up deserved one:—

Having shown the folly of trusting to good works or ceremonies, or part obedience for salvation, the rev. gentleman wound up his discourse with the following peroration:—"Ye rocks, that have listened now and heard the words I speak; ye rocks, that have felt as much as some have felt; ye rocks, that have trembled as much as some have trembled; ye rocks, give witness before God against this people if they believe not in Christ. When your head shall bow down at the last great day, still bear witness that Christ was lifted up in Cheddar, and His name exalted. Shall they bear witness against you every time you pass them? Shall they say, 'You had an invitation, but you rejected it?'"

After this, what possible business has Mr. Spurgeon to talk against eloquence? It is clear that he has the gift; it is clear that he has a certain power of language; we can conceive that his peroration must have had a really striking effect. But if you come to analyse it, you find simply words without meaning. Mr. Spurgeon knows perfectly well that the rocks cannot bear witness to anything; he knows that he is talking words absolutely without meaning. But the mere words roll out well; they seem to have a certain appropriateness to the time and place; and so Mr. Spurgeon is set down as a great orator. As to the rest of the sermon, it seems to have mainly consisted of irreverence bordering upon blasphemy. For this the preacher is well reproved by his local critic. Such talk as that about the cobbler and the visit to

Windsor is not the language of an earnest man; it is not the language of an honest fanatic; it is essentially the language of an actor. As long as it takes and amuses, so long will Mr. Spurgeon indulge in it. At Cheddar it happily seems not to have taken. How the performance succeeded commercially, our reports do not tell us; but, in any other point of view, it is hard to see how anything but mischief can follow from such an exhibition of spiritual buffoonery among some of the noblest scenes of nature.

PENITENTIAL SITTINGS.

AT all times of the year the pew system is rather a favourite subject of discussion. It was honoured with an animated debate at the last Oxford Church Congress, at which several distinguished persons took opposite sides. The Home Secretary is always urging that the church-rate problem cannot be solved unless the pew system is extended; and there is a very zealous society which loses no opportunity of insisting that the Church of England must go to the ground unless the pew system is abolished. But it is only in the long vacation that a London resident thoroughly realizes what the pew system is. London is a land of liberty to the church-goer. The horrible necessity of setting a good example is not constantly before his eyes. He is not bound, for the sake of the inevitable "weak brother," to sit on any particular seat, or undergo any particular preacher, or inhale any peculiar combination of rustic effluvia. If he has a liking for clean air, and does not mind it cold, he may go to Westminster Abbey. If he prefers it foul and hot, he may frequent a proprietary chapel. If he has any weakness in the matter of preaching, he can generally suit himself without difficulty; and if he be of a tender skin, a little careful observation will enable him to select sittings which, though it might be a misnomer to call them comfortable, yet inflict upon the human body as small an amount of anguish as is consistent with our religious usages. If he be of a disposition to appreciate the staid solemnity of a family pew, he can be accommodated; if he prefer the wild freedom of a seat near the door, where his remedy against a too relentless preacher is in his own hands, his uncivilized tastes can be gratified. But all this liberty is at an end directly he retires into the country. He must renounce his ecclesiastical dissipation, and settle down in chaste fidelity to a single edifice. He can no longer do what he likes, or go where he will. He must walk with the fear of the weak brethren before his eyes. They are the Bogie by which the parson of the parish skilfully keeps his respectable parishioners in order. If an erratic church-goer betrays an eccentric tendency—if he should display a liking for fresh air, or murmur at the length of the sermon, or find fault with the creature comforts of his pew—he is soon brought to a sense of the responsibilities of his position. He is forced by repeated hints, conveyed through various channels, into accepting the fact, that on the strength of his contumaciousness, the whole labouring population of the parish are on the point of abandoning the church and taking to the pot-house; and under the terror of this menace he surrenders his eccentricities in despair, and promises to walk blamelessly according to all the traditions of church-going respectability. Then it is he learns to understand what it is to be bound for better or worse, for harder or softer, for cleaner or fustier, to a single pew. He realizes the true meaning of an appropriated seat. It means a seat to which he is appropriated and appurtenant—*ascriptus sedi*. Whatever his pew is, it is pretty sure to be of the kind that he dislikes the most. That same wayward chance which is said to destine all the big coats to the small policemen, and all the small coats to the big policemen, appears to preside over a churchwarden's meditations when he is arranging the distribution of sittings. If the general angularity of your bones inspires you with an instinctive aversion to bare boards, your pew is sure to be of the newest construction, sternly disdainful of the carnal self-indulgence of cushions. Or perhaps you may have a taste for kneeling at the proper parts of the service. If so, you will be shown into a box of pre-ecclesiastical formation, where the only facility offered you for doing so is the sharp edge of the lower bar of the bench in front of you. Perhaps you may be of a shame-faced disposition, after the English temper in such matters. In such a case, you will be shown into a square edifice where, if you and your opposite neighbour kneel frontways, your noses will mingle in devotion, and if you kneel backwards, your limbs, and his, and those of several other fellow-worshippers will be interlaced in inextricable confusion in the centre of the pew. The strongest religious antipathies will hardly be proof against trials of this kind. You may be a warm, nay, a ferocious Protestant; you may believe implicitly in Dr. Cumming, and a Jesuit housemaid may be your favourite form of nightmare; but still you cannot help hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt—sighing after the freedom of the Roman Catholic Church, where there is no "example" and there are no "weak brethren," where you may hire what kind of chair you like, and put it where you like, where you may come and go when you please, without either wounding the clergyman's vanity, or compromising the spiritual welfare of the agricultural poor.

In old churches, chairs would of course be an impossibility, until public opinion shall have undergone a considerable revolution upon the subject of ecclesiastical conventionalities. But it is surprising that they have not been employed more extensively in new churches. It is possible that the form of chairs hitherto in use, both abroad and in the few places where they have been tried in England, may

have acted as a deterrent. They are not particularly comfortable; and they look fragile enough to deter a well-conditioned Briton from venturing upon them. In point of fact, they are only an emaciated copy of the rush-bottomed nursery chairs of our infancy. Beyond this primitive and barbarous instrument, the enlightenment of the ecclesiastical mind on the subject of sittings has not progressed. That clergy, church-builders, architects, &c. are ignorant of what an easy chair is, is not to be supposed. If there is one subject more than another in respect to which our generation has a right to be proud of its progress, it is in that matter of easy-chairs. Railways and easy-chairs constitute the specific character which distinguishes the nineteenth century from all other centuries. Our forefathers constructed their chairs upon the insane hypothesis that human beings naturally sit bolt upright. Our enlightened age has discovered the true principle, and constructs its chairs upon the hypothesis that human beings naturally lounge. Architects, church-builders, and clergy, enjoy the benefit of this happy revolution as much as anybody else. It was in an easy-chair that the architect put on paper the first felicitous inspiration from which his plan for the new church was developed. It was in an easy-chair that the church-builder passed through that ordeal of angry correspondence with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners through which every one must pass who is audacious enough to conceive the idea of building a new church. It is in an easy-chair that the clergyman composes the sermon which is to chain his hearers, for three-quarters of an hour, to their cushionless sittings. It cannot be from ignorance, it must be on principle, that the Church is honoured with a speciality of discomfort. A vague remnant of asceticism clings to the principle on which our church-fittings are arranged. In a system in which asceticism held an acknowledged place, such arrangements might be appropriate. One pitied the Greek monk who has to stand for several hours, or the Latin monk who has to balance himself on the sharp edge of a *Miserere*. But in our system asceticism has practically disappeared. A man may have a very wide acquaintance, and yet not be acquainted with a self-flagellating friend. You could not get a hair-shirt in the upholsterers' shops, if you tried; and anyone who appeared in the streets with peas in his shoes would be afflicted with such an unsteadiness of gait that he would infallibly be taken up by the policeman for being drunk. The church-sitting is the only remaining species of self-torture acknowledged among Protestants. As established institutions always secrete to themselves justifying arguments, we have heard several different theories started in defence of this uninviting remnant of Popery. Some people look upon the aches and pains it produces as a species of current expiation for the delight of appearing in your best bonnet or best tie. But in that case the choice ought to be left to the victim whether he or she had rather forego the pleasure, and appear dirty, or appear smart and face the expiation. Others have a theory, that it is a kind of proclamation of equality between rich and poor, and an announcement to the poor that you are able, in the article of sitting and kneeling down, to bear as much hardness as they are. But as the poor by long use are hardened, they are, perhaps, unable to appreciate the merit of the sacrifice. Others again, more prosaic and practical, maintain that in the atmospheric condition of most of our churches, the greater part of the congregation would certainly go to sleep if it were not for the constant application of some corporal stimulus. But a simpler plan still would be to open a window. Whatever the recommendations may be in favour of the uncomfortable character traditionally inherent in Church sittings, the arguments against it are unquestionably strong. The educated classes are not so frantic in their attachment to the practice of going to church that it is desirable to repress it by any strong measures of discouragement; and in the very matter-of-fact and material temper that has come over men's minds in the last few years, the prospect of two hours' supreme discomfort occurring to the mind at half-past ten on Sunday morning, has a very important bearing upon the solution of the question, whether the weather does or does not look too threatening to permit a walk to church. The motive may be mean, but it is effectual. When every care is taken that every other place of resort, upon business or pleasure, shall be as attractive as possible, the uncomfortable sittings of a church, in addition to dull sermons and foul air, will tell upon the attendance of the educated classes. As Rowland Hill would have said, there is no reason why the devil should have all the easy-chairs.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

THIS course of events in the American war seems, at first sight, almost unaccountable. With inferior numbers, with scanty resources, with little money, with almost no artillery, with bad arms and short supplies of ammunition, the South has shown herself, to say the least of it, *prælia ambigua bello non victa*. On every fair field, in difficult retreats, in rapid marches, in perilous advances, in attack and defence wherever land forces only were engaged, the Confederates have had the best of it. And yet the Northern men have proved that they are no cowards, and no one ever supposed them to be fools. The superior generalship of the South does not explain the facts. First, it requires an explanation, how is it that the South has all the good generals and all the best officers? And, in the second place, the best generals can do little without good troops. Lee, Beauregard, and Jackson would hardly have ventured to attempt with Federal soldiers what they have done

with their own. It may be worth while to inquire shortly what is the character and composition of that army with which such successes have been achieved under disadvantages apparently so terrible.

The United States, as we know, had a regular army of about thirteen thousand men. But during the war we have heard very little of that army, or of any of the regiments which composed it. We scarcely know what has become of it. The Confederate States began by proposing to raise a regular army of 10,000 men, almost immediately increased to 30,000, and afterwards to 50,000. But this army scarcely exists even on paper, though on paper it may be said to be partly organized. The officers are there, holding rank, and entitled to draw pay; but we doubt whether a single regiment is in being. While an enormous volunteer army was being enlisted for the war, it was found impossible to recruit for the Line. But the nominal organization of the regular army has served at least one good purpose. Numbers of Southern officers in the Federal service, on the secession of their respective States, threw up their commissions — generally their sole dependence — and came South. An Act of the Confederate Congress entitled every officer so resigning to the same rank, pay, and claims for service in the Confederate that he had enjoyed in the Federal regular army. Another Act permitted the officers of the regular army to accept commissions as officers in Volunteer regiments during the war — which all, except those employed on Staff duty, have done. The whole of the army which is actually fighting the battles of the South is provisional only. Its organization lasts, and the rank of its officers in the Confederate service (unless as officers of the Line), endures, only till the end of the war at farthest. There are some regiments still in the field under an enlistment for twelve months only, which was the term for which the force at first levied was called forth. Some are engaged to serve for three years, but the majority until the conclusion of peace. Every regiment whose original term of service has expired has subsequently enrolled itself for the war.

This provisional army consists partly of State troops, enrolled in the service of the Confederate Government, and partly of troops levied and organized under the direct authority of that Government. The former compose the bulk, as at first they composed the whole of the army. They were called forth by requisition addressed to the Governor of each State — raised by companies, massed into regiments by the State, and tendered as regiments to the Confederacy. Their officers, therefore, up to the rank of Colonel, were appointed under State laws — that is to say, they were elected by the men, and commissioned by the Governor, much as is the case in our own volunteer service. These officers hold rank during the war as if they had received their commissions from the President; but the war over, and their troops once dismissed from the Confederate service, whether or not they retain their rank as officers under the State Government, they become mere citizens as regards that of the Confederacy. Among them, however, are regular officers, holding perhaps a much higher rank in the provisional than in the regular force. These, while the war lasts, are Captains or Colonels of volunteers. The war over, they become Lieutenants or Majors of regulars. This organization, however, is only applicable to States which are both *de facto* and *de jure* members of the Confederacy; because in such alone can the State authorities furnish or organize troops. It has ceased to be practicable in Missouri, and probably in Tennessee; it never was practicable in Maryland or Kentucky: hence, power has been given to the President to accept the services of companies or of individuals, and to organize them into regiments. There are Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri regiments created under this power, which are neither State troops nor Confederate regulars, but simply regiments in the provisional army of the Confederate States, embodied during the war. Great skill has been shown in the arrangements by which the jealously-guarded rights of the States have been reconciled with the necessities of the war. The troops of Georgia, for instance, remain Georgian, those of Virginia Virginian. But while they are in the service of the Confederacy, they are subject to the absolute command of the President, and amenable to the military code of the Confederate States. Mr. Davis might cashier the colonel of a Georgian regiment; and if a Louisianian officer were guilty of any military offence, he would be tried by Court-martial under Confederate authority, and the sentence would be referred to the President for confirmation — not *quod* President, but *quod* Commander-in-Chief. Thus the State creates the regimental organization, but discipline and command belong absolutely to the Confederate Government. The rule which forbids the President to accept the services of bodies larger than a regiment preserves the unity of the army. There is no State division, not even a State brigade; there is in the Confederate service no officer above the grade of colonel holding a State commission. There is not, and cannot be, a Georgian *corps d'armée* under a Georgian general, subordinate to, but practically independent of, the Confederate Commander. Mr. Davis may or may not brigade together the regiments of the same State; if he does so, he may or may not appoint a brigadier-general of the same State to command them. Nay, even within a State defended by troops levied by itself, but enrolled in the Confederate service, he may appoint and has appointed a general from another State to command. Thus, General Lovell of New York commanded the troops of the Confederacy supplied by Louisiana at New Orleans; and General Beauregard of Louisiana commanded the Carolinian regiments in

the Confederate service in the attack on Fort Sumter. For all military purposes the army of the Confederate States is one army, and the country is entirely and absolutely united. There may seem to be an apparent exception in the fact that any State may have, and some States have, State troops over and above the contingent furnished to the Confederate army. But even of these we believe that a Confederate officer of superior rank, present with a commission from the President when the State troops were actually in face of the enemy, would take command. For the defence of the States against a foreign Power is the function of the Confederate Government; and the Confederate officer in charge of a military department, as the deputy of the Government, would have full powers in reference to its defence. The State army, small or large, would be at his disposal as auxiliary to the Confederate forces under his command.

It is, we think, commonly supposed that the State Militia has been the foundation of both the American armies — that these consist, in fact, chiefly of militia regiments enlisted in the service of the general Government. But as regards the South, this is certainly a mistake. For many years there has been, in point of fact, no Southern militia. The only armed force in the Southern States was analogous to our own volunteers. In every town the youth of the higher classes, having some leisure and money to spare, had banded themselves into volunteer companies, more or less exclusive, which were handsomely uniformed, splendidly equipped, and diligently drilled. They amused themselves by playing at soldiers, and pursued their play very energetically. Moreover, they were called upon, now and then, to perform some military duties in serious earnest. The States each received, or were entitled to receive, from the Federal arsenals a supply of arms proportioned to the militia force they were technically supposed to maintain. With these the volunteers were armed, and their officers received commissions from the Governors of their respective States. In return for these advantages, they were bound by law to spend some time "in camp," and also to hold themselves in readiness whenever called out by municipal authorities to suppress or prevent civil disturbances — an obligation which, as there was no other armed force to be had, was more than merely nominal. Of course these companies took great pride in their military efficiency; and a better nucleus for a large volunteer army could hardly be desired. When war was imminent, and President Davis called for troops from the several States, all these corps tendered themselves to their respective State Governments for service beyond the frontiers. Some resignations took place, but the vacancies were instantly filled up by young men of the best social standing. Admission into a company whose services had been accepted was eagerly sought; in Mississippi as much as 200,000 was paid for leave to serve. The companies were regimented by the State authorities, and placed at the disposal of the central Government. Depôt companies were formed by those who had resigned; these were rapidly filled up; and as more troops were called for, these, too, volunteered their services. In the meantime, the rural districts followed the example of the towns. The planters and their sons formed volunteer companies, tendering commands to men who had served in the army, where such were available. And thus the 125,000 men who, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, composed the whole Confederate army, were chiefly, if not entirely, men of certain pretensions to social position. In many instances, companies or even regiments consisted almost wholly of men whose claim to rank as gentlemen would be admitted in this or any other country — generally men of fortune, and invariably men of breeding and education. Instances have been mentioned to us of messes of privates, every one of whom could afford to spend six hundred a year, and every one of whom belonged to an honoured family. In a word, it was the rich and well born, the social aristocracy of the South, that filled the ranks of the original Confederate army.

Such a force was naturally well disciplined. Education and social rank, so far from indisposing men to discipline, render them peculiarly amenable to laws of which they recognise the necessity, and educated volunteers always take pride in emulating the ready mechanical obedience of regular soldiers. The seriousness of the crisis, the consciousness that the independence of their country, the safety of their homes, the honour of their women, were all at stake, prevented them from wearying or murmuring under the needless severity of a military rule borrowed from that of the United States' regular army — an army composed of the very refuse of the world. And the excellent discipline of this first army of gentlemen volunteers set the example and gave the tone to the ruder material of the later levies.

The enormous preparations of the Federal Government compelled President Davis to raise in the latter part of 1861 an additional force of 300 regiments, or above 300,000 men. (A Confederate company contains 113 rank and file, and a regiment consists of 10 companies.) These were raised partly by the State authorities, and partly by individuals who had acquired experience of war in the brief preceding campaign. Their officers were taken almost entirely from the ranks of the volunteer companies which were already in the field; in some crack corps more than one-fourth of the privates received commissions. The rank and file of the new levies did not, of course, consist to any great extent of the same class as those who had composed the volunteer regiments. In the second army the privates were chiefly small proprietors, mechanics, labourers — any one, in fact, who had a white skin, and could be persuaded to enlist. Nevertheless, even these were good military material — mostly men of practical sense, superior to that

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of English peasants, hardy, used to rough it in various ways, and capable of being made excellent soldiers under good discipline, and of doing first-rate service under officers fit to lead, and generals who know how to handle them.

Both the regimental and the superior officers of the South are evidently far better than those of the North. And this is what might have been expected. In the first place, the Confederates have no civilian Generals—no Banks or Butler. Secondly, the habits, both of business and sport, which characterize the Southern planter, render him a better regimental officer than the Northern lawyers, electioneers, and tradesmen who have become captains and colonels in the Federal service. He who has controlled the population and managed the commissariat of a large plantation has learned much that will be useful to the commander of a thousand soldiers; and if, in addition, he has been a sportsman, after the manner of American planters, he has certainly undergone a tolerable apprenticeship to the trade of command in war. Then, commissions in the Confederate service have not, as a rule, been given by political or personal favour. In the second levy, they were given almost exclusively, and in the first very largely, to men who had seen service. And, finally, the South has all the best officers of the old United States' army, to which it always furnished men superior to those who came from the Free States. The unwarlike democracy of the latter never encouraged the ablest of its sons to enter on a profession which was held in little honour, and held out few chances of rewards worth having. The South, aristocratic by temper and by social constitution, however democratic in politics, had the military spirit which always distinguishes an aristocracy. Many of the ablest and most promising of the Southern youth, therefore, adopted from time to time the career of arms; and their country now enjoys the benefit of their professional training and practical experience. Lee, Beauregard, the two Johnstons, the brilliant "Stonewall" Jackson, and President Davis himself, were all professional soldiers as well as men of distinguished capacity. The North, which always thought its worst men good enough, and its best far too good for the army, has no men to oppose to these; not because the Northerners have not among them, for aught we know, men of whom equally good officers might have been made, but because such men naturally turned away from an unpopular and unprofitable career to seek profit in trade, or fame at the bar, or in politics; and it is too late now to make generals of them. The soldier's profession is in no country a paying one. Ambition, love of enterprise, the social rank attached to it, are the only attractions which induce men of energy and ability to adopt it; and any nation which deprives it of honour, which can offer no great ordinary field to military enterprise, and very few prizes to military ambition, runs great risk of finding itself, in time of need, in the position to which the United States has sunk—unable, by any effort or at any sacrifice to organize a really efficient army, because officers cannot be improvised, and officers fit for command have not been trained in time.

THE CLOSING OF THE EXHIBITION.

THE Royal Commissioners have, it is reported, been holding a high and serious debate on the closing of the Great Exhibition at Brompton. It has been decided, not after much hesitation, to prolong the existence of the show till the first day of November. We hardly know whether so much casuistry as it seems has been imported into the discussion was necessary for the solution of so very simple a question. On the one hand, it was argued that the public convenience, to say less of the private interests of the guarantors, required the Exhibition to be kept open as long as it would pay; while, on the other side, it was urged that good faith with the exhibitors would be violated by prolonging the show beyond October 18, the day on which the bargain, on the part of the season-ticket holders, with the Horticultural Society was to terminate. Strictly speaking, it seems that the Commission has never entered into any contract as to the duration of the Exhibition with the exhibitors at all, and it was only by inference that they could gather that any period was fixed for the closing. As is usual in such matters, the result has been a compromise. If there was any bargain, real or implied, with the exhibitors, it has been violated. The foreign exhibitors, of course, are dissatisfied; they do not like to be kept here longer than will suit their interests. In many cases they have contracted to deliver goods by a certain time; and the dark and dull days of November are not very convenient for packing and transporting heavy goods. But the pecuniary view, as throughout everything connected with the Exhibition, prevails. If it were closed on the 18th of October, the guarantors would incur a heavy liability; and even with the postponement to November 1, it is said that the expenses will not be covered by some 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* It is announced that the contractors, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, have come forward with amazing generosity, and have descended, like heathen deities, in the very nick of time to the immense relief of the guarantors. The bargain between the contractors and the Commissioners was complex and speculative on both sides. First, the contractors were to be paid 200,000*l.* out and out; then, if the receipts ranged above 400,000*l.*, they were to have an additional 100,000*l.*, or rather, all moneys taken at the doors between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.* On the very face of it, such a bargain is highly imprudent on one side or other. Either the possible and contingent 300,000*l.* must

have been a very bad bargain on the part of the Commissioners, or the actual 200,000*l.* must have been a very speculative bargain on the part of the contractors. A bargain which leaves a margin of an additional 50 per cent. to chance and good luck can hardly be called a fair business transaction. The contractors, who risk to be seriously overpaid or seriously underpaid, are now credited with great liberality for the offer which they have made, that the deficiency, which anyhow seems likely to occur, and which is calculated at 25,000*l.*, should be the first charge on their third 100,000*l.* At the present moment, not 400,000*l.* have been taken at the doors; but by November 1 the fatal corner will have been turned; and Messrs. Kelk and Lucas will be entitled to what comes in of their third 100,000*l.* All this they propose to relinquish in favour of the guarantors till their entire liabilities are extinguished. This is certainly very noble and very liberal as it stands; only it is so noble and so liberal that it seems to be an exercise of superhuman virtue. If the 200,000*l.* already paid to the contractors has not reimbursed them the cost of the structure, then they are making a present to the guarantors of some 25,000*l.*, and are making themselves a present of a dead loss of the same amount. As these are days of testimonials, we earnestly trust that the Memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1862 will admit of statues of Kelk and Lucas as colossal as their public virtues.

Crediting the contractors with their unspeakable liberality, we now come to the question why the Exhibition has not paid; for it seems that, even with the postponement to the dark days of closing autumn, the utmost that can be hoped is that both ends, by very tight hauling, will be made to meet. We are assured that, except in four specified weeks, the number of visitors in 1862 has exceeded those of 1851. The Commissioners certainly have not been backward in the art of indirect taxation. No little sources of revenue have been too small for their recondite ingenuity. They have exacted royalties from the refreshment contractors and from the photographers. They have taxed sticks, umbrellas, and personal comforts and conveniences generally. They have not disdained head-money from every available source of revenue. It gives one a notion of the old state of things when patents, monopolies, and licences were the order of the day. But still all has comparatively failed. Relatively to 1851, the charge of admission has been increased, because, in point of fact, every visitor pays the royalties which nominally come from the contractors, the premiums of Mr. Morrish and the extinct M. Veillard, the Hon. Mr. Cadogan's poudrage, and the benevolences extorted from the purveyors of Bath chairs and the smoking saloon. And yet the balance is the wrong way; the money taken is more, but the expenses are greater. Whether it will be found, when the accounts are produced, that the official salaries have expanded it, is premature to conjecture. But one item of unusual expenditure is very patent. The building has cost very much more than the Crystal Palace of 1851. There was a bad start. When a family is over-housed it is on the certain road to ruin. The Exhibition has failed because the Commissioners would have a larger building than in 1851. They split upon the Brunel rock. Because the *Great Britain* was a big ship Mr. Brunel would build a much bigger; because the Birmingham railway was a fine one, Mr. Brunel would have the broad gauge and monster engines. Because Mr. Stephenson constructed one great suspension bridge, Mr. Brunel would make one just twice as large. And so the history of the International Exhibition of 1862 is the history of the Great Western railway and the *Great Eastern* steamship. Size kills. If we will always go in for Mammoths, and Leviathans, and Behemoths, and everything compounded of Megethos, we must expect a break-down.

But the Commissioners will say that they wanted a much larger building, because they had so much more to exhibit. With all the applications for space, they were bound to provide for the increased amount of wares displayed. Ten years had done so much to stimulate production, that they must give production fair play and decent accommodation. This is the secret of the whole matter. Here we join issue. The building was not too large for the goods exhibited, but the goods exhibited were too many. One-half of the present Exhibition consists of mere trash. If even a moiety of the rubbish now exhibited had been rejected, a building one half the present size would have been sufficient, and one half of the present outlay might have been saved. We are not saying that the contractors are over-paid. Far from it—they are very likely under-paid; though when a shopkeeper says that his price is ten shillings, but, as a personal favour, he will let you have his razors or his shirts for seven-and-sixpence, such is the hardness of the human heart that you generally distrust such untradesmanlike liberality. But we do not consider the contractors for the Great Exhibition as mere tradesmen. They are public benefactors, and deserve well of the republic. But we do say that the Commissioners were wrong from the beginning. They were led away by Captain Fowke's sham sublime. At any rate, those monstrous domes, the only use of which was to cover up with a veil, were not wanted to show the goods of the exhibitors. They did not contribute an inch of floor space or wall space. The failure, in a pecuniary sense, of the Exhibition is to be attributed to those ugly glass domes. The failure, in a material sense, of the Exhibition is to be attributed to the indiscriminate admission of goods of the most worthless and commonplace character. The whole thing has been throughout of a shop, shoppy. The Commissioners have exhibited all the powers, and fallen into all the mistakes of the advertising and shop-keeping mind. They have been at once extravagant and

parsimonious. They have gone to great expense in a gorgeous shop-front, and have tried to save it, in the great umbrella cases, in the questionable good faith which they showed to the season-ticket holders, in their bargains with the contractors, and, above all, in their production of the Illustrated Catalogue. Now, instead of making this catalogue a scientific record of the industrial arts and the progress of production, they have leased it out to the exhibitors as an advertising medium of great capabilities. *Nos oïe!* has been the Commissioners' maxim throughout. They must make money, and they have made it by the familiar arts of *Magenta House* and the *Maison de Deuil*. As a shop, the whole thing has had the chances, fortunes, and misfortunes of a shop. Higher than this, even with the pomp of State openings and State ceremonial, we are not disposed to rank International Exhibitions. The last device of the Commissioners to attract customers deserves to be mentioned. The cads of the omnibuses plying to the Exhibition, who are, of course, allowed a commission on the transaction, are "authorized to sell admission tickets." Touting can hardly be carried further.

THE SERVIAN QUESTION.

WHILST the attention of the British public has been exclusively fixed on the internecine conflict in America, or has been temporarily attracted to the Quixotic enterprise of Garibaldi, a most complicated and embarrassing question has arisen in the East, which, roughly or unskilfully handled on our part, might have led to a European war. At one time it seemed highly probable that England would be placed in the agreeable alternative of having once more to draw the sword for Turkey, or to suffer the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire to recommence. We allude to the Servian controversy, the merits of which will be easily collected from a brief recapitulation of the facts.

By the "arrangements" between Russia and the Porte, after the war of 1829, it was fixed that the Mussulman population residing in Servia, outside the fortresses, should leave the country. It consequently became necessary to define the limits of the fortress of Belgrade, the principal one. Now at Belgrade there are walls and gates at some distance from the citadel, enclosing a space called the Faubourg, in which the garrison resided so long as it was composed of irregular troops; but the Porte had permitted Servians to reside there too. The question then arose, Was the citadel alone the fortress, or was the Faubourg included in it? In 1833, this question, having been referred to Russia, was decided by her in favour of the Porte; but, within the gates, to be held and guarded by the Turks, the Servians were to be still permitted to reside, the Turks remaining under the Turkish jurisdiction, and the Servians under the Servian. Things went on peacefully enough, though with occasional difficulty, until Prince Michel became the head of the Servian Government, when a series of important changes began. He claimed to hold the Governorship as an hereditary title—a claim which had no legal foundation. He set aside the Senate, which had an independent and restrictive authority, and replaced it by a body with powers so limited as to be entirely under his own control. He placed the whole male adult population on a military footing under the form of a Militia, although by the constitution he was only entitled to maintain a force necessary to preserve internal order; and lastly, instead of consenting to share the Faubourg with the Turks, he required that they should either vacate it altogether, or continue their joint occupancy under Servian rule. His proceedings were popular in Servia, where, besides the antipathies of religion and race, vague aspirations towards a new republic, or confederation of republics, were beginning to spread, and Russian agents had been actively at work. A tumult, certainly not discouraged by the Prince, arose; the Servians took forcible possession of the gates; and when the Turkish residents in the Faubourg retired for safety within the citadel, their houses, which the Servian authorities had promised to protect, were broken open and pillaged. Emboldened by impunity, the insurrectionists, who rapidly assumed the appearance of a besieging force, fired on the garrison, killed a sentinel by the side of the Austrian Consul, and raised barricades. The Governor became alarmed, and in momentary apprehension of renewed hostilities, bombarded the town. When intelligence of these events reached Constantinople, the Porte gave the best possible proofs of its moderation and faith in the justice of its cause, by ordering the bombardment to cease, recalling the Governor, and referring the entire question to the five Great Powers, who, as parties to the Treaty of Paris, had guaranteed the sovereignty of Servia to Turkey. Thus originated the Conferences which, after numerous sittings, which occasioned much alarm, were satisfactorily concluded on the 7th instant.

When they opened, the views, real or supposed interests, and wishes of the Powers represented, stood thus. Russia was obviously anxious to aggravate the malady of the sick man, in the often-blighted but never-abandoned hope of eventually dividing his heritage on his decease, or getting the lion's share of his spoils in his lifetime. Austria saw, in the Servian revolt, a direct incitement to her own Provinces to reject her sovereignty and join the projected Slave Confederation, or set up for themselves. The aims of France were less definite, and will be best appreciated in connexion with the known character and habitual policy of Napoleon III., who would fain connect his name with every great Liberal movement not likely to endanger his throne—who would be glad to do for the Christian communities in the East what he has done,

or attempted to do, for the Italians—and who is, at all events, resolved not to leave unchallenged the well-earned predominance of England at the Porte. Prussia, with no avowed motive for favouring either party, was deeply interested to bring about a settlement which should not disturb the European balance as it stands; but her jealousy of Austria prevented her from playing the part of a strictly impartial arbitrator. It will be borne in mind that Turkey wished for nothing better than to be left to deal with the Servians as she is dealing with the Montenegrins, and required nothing from the guaranteeing Powers but a withdrawal of all external encouragement to the insurrection. That the Servians were, legally speaking, the wrongdoers, was also undeniable, and all that can be urged in their favour is that they (like Poles, Hungarians, or Italians who rise, or have risen, against established rule) are obeying a natural and laudable impulse when they seek to clear their country of the Turks. The Turks, however, cannot well be censured for not admitting these doctrines without a word or a blow; and the one thing needful in the emergency was a plan of conciliation that should remove the actual grievances, and, by soothing the self-love, allay the irritation of both parties. Such a plan was hit upon and proposed at once by the British Ambassador, and, after undergoing the most searching and often hostile and even captious discussion, has been adopted in all its essential parts by his colleagues. His chief opponent at the outset, if we may believe current rumours on the spot, was the Russian Ambassador; but latterly, the French Ambassador took the lead on the Servian side, pressing the galling nature of the sovereignty, and relying on the strange argument that the affections of a people afford a higher and better guarantee for fealty than troops or fortresses. If so, why does not Napoleon III. act upon the theory, dismiss his army, and dismantle his strong places? He might at least try the experiment in Rome, which seems admirably adapted to the purpose; for if the Head of the Christian Church cannot retain the loving obedience of his Christian subjects without the aid of secular and material weapons, how can we exact an exclusive reliance on the loyal affection of Christians from the Mussulman? Again, if one plausible pretension prejudicial to Turkey is to be admitted in defiance of treaties, it will soon fare with her outlying provinces and frontier fortresses as with Lear's knights. Why five, why three, why one? When people coolly talk of expelling the Turks from Europe, we ask by whom are they to be replaced? Is Constantinople to be occupied by the Russians, the French, or the Greeks? And what will Great Britain, or what will Europe, gain by the substitution?

These considerations happily turned the balance at the Conferences; and it is agreed that Turkey shall surrender two fortresses which from their central situation were likely to prove rather a burthen than an advantage—that she should keep the rest, including Belgrade, and that the Turkish occupants in the Faubourg should leave it on receiving compensation—that the Servian militia should be reduced to its fitting proportions—and that no further attempts to overturn or modify the *status quo* as fixed by pre-existing arrangements should be allowed. It is needless to dwell on the details of this arrangement, nor do we attach much importance to that portion of it which relates to guarantees for its observance. The Porte has frankly accepted it, and will most assuredly not be the first to revive the controversy. The Servians have discovered that their insurrection was ill-timed; that their great allies cannot venture on open co-operation or encouragement just now; and that the Montenegrins, with whom they proposed to make common cause, would hardly be able to effect a temporary diversion in their favour. They, therefore, will probably submit, and remain quiet for a period; and this, perhaps, is the utmost that can be expected from a community so situated, in the present condition of the world. Come what come may—the threatened crisis has been averted; and the character of Great Britain for rectitude of purpose, breadth of view, fidelity to engagements, and impartiality has been firmly and honourably maintained by her representative.

COLONIZATION EXTRAORDINARY.

ON the 5th of April last, a showy but rather ably worded advertisement appeared in the newspapers, setting forth that there had been established the British Columbia Overland Transit Company, for the purpose of conveying colonists to Columbia in six weeks (some five days less than any other route) at the small expense of 42*l.* each. The company was "limited," "to be registered," and endowed with all the other talismanic adjectives and participles that commonly bewilder plain people in such documents. It had, as usual, directors, bankers, brokers, solicitors, an office in Copthall Court, and the indispensable secretary. Invisible in the prospectus, but ubiquitous everywhere else, there seems to have been a presiding genius, or "manager," called Colonel Sleigh. We know nothing of this Colonel—scarcely more than the *Army List* does; though some of the passengers intimate pretty roundly that "if they had heard the name of Colonel Sleigh connected with this company, they never would have parted with a penny." But the Directors had among them some good names—Mr. F. Mangles, the Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley, Mr. S. Starkey, &c., obtained, as it appears, for a company "to be registered," and then used as if that process had already taken place. There were Bankers—Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, & Co.—with whom an account had been opened on the faith of such names, and upon the

magnificent deposit of 2*l.*; and Solicitors, who seem to have known little or nothing about the matter, and took the appointment as a mere affair of "six-and-eightpence." So, the arrangements were announced to be complete; ships were advertised for; and "no applications for a passage could be entertained after May 17."

Some doubts were started as to the practicability of the scheme—especially by a person writing under the signature of "Canada West," to whom the Secretary replied in the *Times* of May 23, as he says, "with considerable surprise, and, I may add, indignation." One or two questions were asked in Parliament, and answered with the average enlightenment of the official mind—with sufficient lucidity, however, to satisfy Mr. Berkeley, and the affair proceeded. On May 29, the thirty-four favoured colonists went to Glasgow, embarked thence in a steamer to Quebec, and thence onwards to St. Paul's, Minnesota. From this point they were to be forwarded by steamers or an "emigrant escort train" over the remaining part of the journey; and they were all to live happy ever after, like the people at the end of a twopenny novel. Unfortunately, at St. Paul's the scheme broke down altogether. Mr. Hime, the agent there, bluntly asks Mr. Hayward, the "through-agent" of the party from England, "how much money he had" to pay the fare to Fort Garry with. Mr. Hayward, with equal aplomb, "told him he had none, and hoped Mr. Hime had plenty." Mr. Hime's reply was equally explicit and equally unsatisfactory. Messrs. Burbank, the firm who were expected to forward the party, refused to accept the drafts of what they appropriately term the "Transportation Company." In short, there was no money, no credit, no provisions, no lodging, no transit, no escort, "no nothing;" and the unfortunate emigrants were left to settle down under canvas in a desolate prairie as they could. Those who had money of their own returned; those who could, "helped to keep others;" "some, who had gone out as gentlemen, went to work in the lead mines as labourers;" and the rest, to all appearance, are there still, whiling away their leisure hours in realizing Mr. Dickens's bright ideal of the city of Eden, and reducing Mr. Mark Tapley's theory of "the jolly" into rather lugubrious practice. One of those who were able to return, Mr. Collingwood, had the forethought to arm himself with powers of attorney, to act in behalf of those who were left behind. When he arrived in England, he naturally sought the shades of Cophall Court and the society of Colonel Sleigh. To his dismay, the company had evaporated—the offices were vacant; before long, Colonel Sleigh had closed his bank at the West End, carrying away the books with him; his villa in St. John's Wood was dismantled, and the furniture sold off; and he is said now to be enjoying the applause of a good conscience among the gaieties of Paris.

Mr. Collingwood next seems to have looked out for the "good names" that had allured him in the prospectus. They, however, had been hard at work during his absence writing letters to the papers to explain how they had innocently become the personages of a myth; and there is a sort of *sauve qui peut* going on among them still. Then he betook himself to the solicitors. These gentlemen seem to have been a good deal bamboozled all along; and, after beginning by acceding to his claims for compensation, they found their efforts disavowed by the "good names," and washed their hands of the whole affair precipitately. The unhappy representative of this aggregate of absent misery had nothing for it in the end but to summon the secretary, Mr. Henson, who speedily found himself in an unenviable position of prominence at the Mansion House. Mr. Collingwood's story is simplicity itself. It would be a sin to spoil it. Here it is:—

In April last I called at No. 6, Cophall Court, for a prospectus, but the one I then obtained had the name of Mr. Mangles as a director. The secretary gave it to me, and asked me for my name and address, which I gave him. I wanted a passage from St. Paul's, because I wished to go to Canada my own way; but he said they could only take me direct from England. I called again on the last Saturday in April, and paid a deposit of 2*l.* by a cheque of a friend on the London and Westminster Bank, and on the 17th of May I paid the balance of 2*l.*, and the defendant gave me this receipt:—

British Columbia Overland Transit.
Receipt for Passage.
Offices, 6 Cophall Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.,
May 17, 1862.

"Received of Mr. H. I. Collingwood, the sum of forty-two pounds for a second-class passage* from England to Canada, to sail in May, and from thence to British Columbia by the emigrant escort train.

* Including provisions to Montreal; 5*lb.* of baggage allowed for each passenger from St. Paul's.

"42*l.*

(Signed)

JAMES HENSON, Secretary."

Witness.—I objected to the words "second-class," because I believed I had paid for a first-class passage. I received two circulars from the company in April, one dated the 11th, stating that the distinction of classes would be abolished, and 5*l.* extra charged for saloon berths; that the company only provided provisions to Montreal; that game and fish abounded on the journey; and that wagons would accompany the train with provisions, which the passengers would be allowed to purchase at cost price. The other circular, dated 23rd of April, announced that the company had received letters from their agents at Fort Garry, Red River Settlement, informing them that steam communication had been opened for nearly 200 miles above St. Paul's, and that a steamer was then ready to run on the Red River a distance of 180 miles, which would reduce the land transit by 30 miles, and save five days in the journey to British Columbia. I left London on the 29th of May for Glasgow, with about thirty other passengers, and sailed on the 31st in the screw steamer the *United Kingdom*. We arrived at Quebec on the 17th or 18th of June, and travelled on by railway and boat to St. Paul's, in Minnesota, in the United States, which we reached about the 27th of June, and found—

exactly what might have been expected.

Mr. Henson, who seems to have borne a high character hitherto, and who, we fancy, will turn out to have been nothing worse than

a dupe in the present transaction, set to work with a will to demolish the absent Colonel. The confessions of the candid friend exhaust the subject. According to his account, the Colonel took all the money, engaged the officers, wrote the prospectuses, employed—but did not pay—the printer, and gave the instructions to the "through-agent," especially two curious ones—"to draw 5*l.* extra from a passenger who had paid second-class and received by mistake a first-class berth, and not, under any circumstances, to show his written instructions to any of the passengers." In short, if Mr. Henson and his witnesses are right, Colonel Sleigh was everybody and everything, although, with the modesty of a true Columbus, he entirely suppressed the record of his name and achievements, and handed over all the glory in the lump to the Amerigos, the "good names" of the scheme.

Mr. Henson's version of the story is a good deal confirmed by a gentleman of very engaging innocence to all appearance, a Captain Herbert Wyatt. He "was induced to assist Colonel Sleigh because he thought him a talented man, and that something good would turn up out of his speculations." He "was concerned with Colonel Sleigh in establishing the West End Bank in the Haymarket;" and, calling there accidentally one day, was used by him in the friendly operation of "taking two parcels to his (the Colonel's) carriage round the corner," which happened to contain the banking-books. He "was in attendance at 6 Cophall Court almost daily during the last month of the Company's existence." He "used to sit in Colonel Sleigh's private room as his confidential clerk," and had 2*l.* per week for it. He "declined to interfere with the books," and (we will venture to say) was never asked to interfere with the cash; and the pith of his evidence just amounts to this—"There was no Company." "Colonel Sleigh called himself the manager, but he was everything." We quite believe in Captain Wyatt's innocence, in more senses of the word than one. We also have great faith in Mr. Henson's. In truth, one of the things that most astonishes us in all this matter is the marvellous amount of this Arcadian virtue that there seems to be in men who ought to know the world. Only imagine the astute old alderman, who presided at the Mansion House, gravely ejaculating, in the course of the proceedings, that "it would be very desirable if Colonel Sleigh's presence could be procured." Very few people will be disposed to doubt what aldermen sometimes call the "apropos-ity" of the remark. But it is not many people who could have ventured on the sentiment.

Colonel Sleigh's own version of the affair can only be gathered from a letter with which he has favoured a certain Captain Nicolls, the only director who appears hitherto to have taken his liabilities, like a good husband, for better for worse.

West End Bank, S.W., Thursday.

Dear Captain Nicolls,—Until I hear of the safe arrival of my passengers in Canada, and their comfortable departure from St. Paul's, I do not intend to send any more passengers. Then next year the company can carry on the enterprise I have started, and devoted so much time and money to. I feel satisfied that I shall lose fully 50*l.* by the "spec." I hope to make it back when capital is subscribed. I have received most gratifying letters from my agents in Canada. They are quite prepared for the noble 3*l.* per U. K. . . . The clerk calls daily, in the morning and afternoon, at 6 Cophall Court, for letters. There is no use in continuing an expensive staff, paid out of my pocket, until the amalgamation with the "—West Company" is effected, of which I hope to have intelligence shortly.

Yours very truly,
A. SLEIGH.

There is a refreshing mixture of coolness and pleasantry in this playful allusion to the "noble 3*l.*" and "their comfortable departure from St. Paul's," to his "spec," and his losses, borne with such cheerful philosophy—in the patriotic self-denial of his intention "not to send any more passengers" just yet—and in the breezy hopefulness of "next year," "when capital is subscribed."

An application is to be made at the Colonial Office on behalf of the sufferers, to which the Office will possibly answer, as it has answered already, that it is no concern of theirs. The Colonel's attendance has been solicited, after a week or two more of enjoyments which may be presumed to have mitigated his regrets for "the noble 3*l.*" And meanwhile, poor Mr. Henson, it is said, is cooped in Newgate for lack of the requisite bail. We sincerely pity him; he seems thoroughly to believe in the feasibility of the undertaking; it was his sincerity in this conviction that made him so useful a tool for his employer; and his chief error appears to have been one shared by many other people—he had never heard before of Colonel Sleigh. Disagreeable, however, as his present position may be, it is a good deal more tolerable than that of the gentlemen who are now working in the lead mines, or trying to beguile their experiences of the new style of colonization on the dead flats round St. Paul's, with "Hail Columbia!"

And now we must say a word to the facile Directors of the scheme. An honourable man little knows the harm he is doing when he lends himself to any scheme of which he is not thoroughly informed, and that, even for a day. Mr. Mangles's name only appeared in print, so far as we can see, for a day or two; but it was there long enough to attract Mr. Berkeley; and his in turn no doubt attracted others. But if honourable men must lend their names to bubbles, pray let them appear in future at the head of companies for supplying London with clean ditch-water, or hatching addled eggs, or cutting cricket-bats out of the North Pole, or making railways in No-man's-land, or acclimatizing kangaroos, or converting gorillas into cotton-growers. There is a wide field for mercantile philanthropy to explore—not perhaps very profitably, but at all events harmlessly. They must not, however, be decoy-ducks of insurance offices, nor allow themselves to be made the

means of entrapping unwary emigrants into bubble colonization schemes. There is a peculiar cruelty in unwarily giving countenance to these last; both because they often inflict an incurable injury on their victims, and because they offer to the schemer peculiar facilities for fraud. "Dead men tell no tales," it is true; and murder, perhaps, sometimes appears a more certain method of enrichment to a needy adventurer; but then the operation requires some nerve, and your adventurer is not often courageous, and also it is a dangerous investment at the best. For all practical purposes, an emigrant is almost as safe, when once he is conveyed some thousands of miles away, and reduced to a proper condition of beggary. Had it not been for the happy accident that a few of the victims of this Columbian Company possessed a little more wealth than falls to the lot of emigrants in general, we should probably never have heard of their miseries, and Colonel Sleigh might have been a great man in the Haymarket, or busy among the partridges, at this moment.

THE ST. LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER.

A FINE morning and turf in excellent condition gave promise that the great Northern festival would be held under the most favourable circumstances. By six o'clock, or earlier, the racecourse was visited by those who desired to see the horses take their morning exercise. The first important event was the arrival on the course of Buckstone, who was immediately surrounded by a crowd of critics. After the horse had walked about a little, his clothing was stripped off him, and the well-known figure of his jockey, Fordham, was seen prepared to mount him. Buckstone with Fordham "up," and another of Mr. Merry's string, proceed to canter round the course. The critics choose favourable positions to watch their finish, and again crowd round them as they drop into a slower movement. It is agreed that Buckstone looks very well. He is a grand and powerful horse, and comes to his work in capital condition; but he is a little too heavily built for the model of a first-rate racehorse. A string of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses now appears, including that splendid four-year old Asteroid, the winner of the Ascot Cup, and Argonaut, whom many admirers regard as by no means an impossible winner of the St. Leger. Argonaut is surely at his best now, which he was far from being on the Derby Day. For this race, as for that, the confidence of his owner is said to be high, and he has had the distinction of being selected as winner by the rhyming prophets. But still Argonaut does not look exactly the horse to win this year's St. Leger. Another horse that has been a good deal talked about is Lord Coventry's Exchequer. Watching him as he canters past, the wonder is why he should be backed as he has been, unless it be for want of some more hopeful rival of the favourites. Johnny Armstrong is much nearer to the type of a St. Leger winner, and some of his supporters who are at hand are heard expressing their confidence of victory. After waiting until eight o'clock, patience is rewarded with a glimpse of the approach of the procession which attends the favourite of favourites, The Marquis, and his stable companion, and, according to some opinions, his possible conqueror, Hurricane. The pair are accompanied by another horse of the same year, Ace of Clubs. John Scott, the veteran trainer, follows them in a one-horse fly, and takes up his position near the distance post, having ordered his lieutenant to walk the horses over the hill and then let him canter along the rest of the course. These arrangements being made, everybody on the ground takes the best position he can find for watching The Marquis and Hurricane in their canter. As if for the full gratification of public curiosity, Scott orders the cantering movement to be repeated. The sight of that pair of beauties as they go smoothly and swiftly by is one that will not be soon forgotten. It is really difficult to tell which of them deserves the preference. Judging merely from that morning's work it might be thought that Hurricane was nearly, if not quite, as good as The Marquis. But it is well known that those who have the best means of judging see a good deal of difference between them. The fact is, that Hurricane has improved under Scott's care so much that she looks in this morning's canter almost good enough to beat The Marquis. The conclusion drawn from this observation was not so much favourable to Hurricane as unfavourable to The Marquis. It was fancied that he was only a very little, if at all, better than his companion; and although everybody admired her, she had never been suspected of being able to make sure of the St. Leger. It must have been this comparison between The Marquis and Hurricane that caused the former during the forenoon to decline from his high position in the market. People had seen Buckstone without anything so good near him; and so they chose to fancy that he was rather better, and The Marquis rather worse, than they really were. Certainly, whatever may have been the cause, this was the effect; for, just before starting, three to one would have been taken about Buckstone, but a trifle longer odds was wanted about The Marquis. It was stated that Buckstone's owner and trainer felt the greatest confidence in his success, considering that he had improved immensely since the Derby, in which, it will be remembered, he was only beaten by Caractacus and The Marquis. There is no doubt that he was brought to the post in the finest possible condition, and he really did deserve nearly all the praise that his friends bestowed on him.

The mention of Caractacus calls up the feeling of regret that the race for the St. Leger could not be a return match between him and The Marquis. For some weeks after Caractacus wrought such a surprise at Epsom, he was backed for the

St. Leger on nearly equal terms with his defeated adversary. They were, we say, on nearly, but not quite equal terms; for, notwithstanding the result of the Derby, The Marquis was always slightly the better favourite for the St. Leger. Thus matters stood for two months after Epsom races; but at the Lewes meeting, held early in August, it was reported that Caractacus had bolted while at exercise, thrown his rider, and hurt himself; and it was even asserted that he was dead. This report was spread on Saturday, and long odds were in consequence laid against the horse. But on Monday his supporters appeared at Tattersall's contradicting the report of injury to the horse, and readily taking all the bets that anybody would lay against him. But this contradiction was regarded very much as one regards the denial in a Ministerial organ of some rumour disadvantageous to the Ministry. Confidence in Caractacus was never entirely restored, and very soon it became still further weakened. Something was believed to be wrong, but nobody could tell exactly what. The brother of the owner of the horse, who keeps a public-house in London, found himself overwhelmed with the civilities of people whom he had not seen for twenty years, who all wanted to extract from him the secret of what was the matter with Caractacus. He wrote a letter to a sporting journal complaining of their troublesome attentions, and rather leaving it to be implied that there was nothing the matter with Caractacus at all; but still the horse went down in the market. At last, on Monday, the 8th inst., at Tattersall's, the "knocking out" of Caractacus took place. Any odds were offered against the horse, who was then known to be seriously amiss, and to have been taken out of training. A day or two afterwards he was struck out of all engagements for the present year, and a certificate of veterinary surgeons was published, stating that "the horse was lame from recent sprain to the suspensory ligaments of both fore legs." Thus ended the hope of seeing Caractacus and The Marquis contend at Doncaster. The history of the operations of the touts who watched Caractacus at his training quarters, would doubtless form an interesting chapter in the records of the turf, and be highly creditable to the perseverance of those active and ingenious emissaries. His fate has been very like that of Old Calabar, who, after holding a high place in public favour throughout the winter, fell lame a few days before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, and had to be struck out. Old Calabar, however, was reported to be well again, and fit to run for the St. Leger. He was supported, but with no great confidence, until he came to Doncaster and had been seen there at exercise, when an opinion was taken up in some quarters that he would again show himself the great performer that he once was. But considering the unsoundness which he had shown, and to which he had probably a hereditary tendency, the disposition to support him rather showed that there was a scarcity of good horses to back against the favourites. A much better subject for investment was Carisbrook, who had been improving ever since he made such a poor figure in the Two Thousand, and whose performances during the summer included three races won at Ascot and a walk over for a fourth. Carisbrook's look and style of going at Doncaster were entirely satisfactory to his friends; and it was no small consideration in his favour that the experienced and skilful Rogers would have the guidance of him. If anything was to beat the favourites, it was very likely to be Carisbrook.

Looking again at John Scott's pair as they took their exercise on the morning of that famous day, one thing at least was certain, viz. that one of them was the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas for colts, and the other of the One Thousand Guineas for fillies, at Newmarket. Then they had afterwards been favourites — one for the Derby, and the other for the Oaks — at Epsom, and both had been there defeated. But both of them, and especially Hurricane, had been improving every day since then; and as September is "the mares' month," it might be hoped that if The Marquis could not do it, Hurricane could. It would be a hard fate if, when Yorkshire could show two such perfect animals, the St. Leger should be carried southwards. There had been considerable doubt who would ride The Marquis. It was very generally thought that Ashmole had not ridden him judiciously in the Derby; and as Buckstone, with Fordham on him, was likely to be close up, it would never do to run any risk of a mistake. The rider ultimately selected was Challoner, who usually rides for Mr. Naylor, and won the Oaks for him, on *Feu-de-Joie*. As Mr. Naylor did not start anything for the St. Leger, Challoner's services were available for The Marquis, and a very happy selection this proved to be. The direction of Hurricane was confided to Goater; and, of course, Wells would do all he could to realize Sir Joseph Hawley's hopes of Argonaut. Lord Glasgow started two out of the nameless four which he had placed upon the list. One of them was our old acquaintance, the Stockwell Colt, who looks more like a steeple-chaser than ever, and would be very great across country, or on a racecourse after a week's rain. The other was the Clarissa Colt. Among other unaccountable opinions, there were people who believed that the Stockwell Colt could win this race; and, again, it was reported that the pair had been tried at home, and that the Clarissa Colt was the best, and that Aldcroft was to win upon him. However, Aldcroft kept his old mount upon the Stockwell Colt, and Osborne rode the son of Clarissa. Lord Glasgow has very little luck, but not quite so little as he had. He seems to have an aptitude for acquiring big charger-like horses, such as this Stockwell Colt and another colt which ran on the same day, but not in the St. Leger, and which has a grand slashing style of action like the son of Stockwell.

Mr. Merry did not start *The Knave*, who ran in the Derby to make a pace for Buckstone—perhaps because it was tolerably certain that there would be pace enough for Buckstone or any other horse.

As the horses cantered past, a spectator was heard to observe that he had backed Exchequer for a place, upon which the obvious comment was that he should have backed him for a place at the far end. The backing of such a horse as Exchequer against such horses as Buckstone and *The Marquis* is one of those inscrutable operations which take place "in the city" among people who may be suspected of never having seen, or of having totally forgotten, the animals of which they talk. Old Calabar appeared among the starters, which was perhaps more than could have been confidently expected; and so did Mr. I'Anson's filly Bonny Breast-knot, who recalled the memory of the surprise which her stable companion Caller Ou caused by winning this race last year. The start was effected very easily and punctually, without any horse causing trouble or delay. *The Marquis* was quite in the rear at starting; but as the pace was very moderate at first, it cost him no labour to improve his position. After mounting the hill, he began to come through his horses, and soon lay about the middle of the lot, with Buckstone close to him, and Argonaut rather in his rear. Carisbrook had taken, and for some time kept, a decided lead; but the effort was too great for him, and before the time of trial came he had fallen back. As the horses turned the corner into the straight run home, Argonaut and one or two others showed so well in front that their friends loudly expressed their confidence. The next moment *The Marquis* was seen coming close round the corner next the rails, pulling double, and looking as if he had the race in hand. Another moment, and Buckstone came up on his whip hand, and the race for the St. Leger was left to the two favourites. The struggle which ensued was one of the finest ever seen upon that course. The wonderful skill and energy with which Fordham finishes a close race can be forgotten by no one who has ever witnessed one of his great efforts. Yet Fordham, although he wins races every day, had not hitherto been lucky in his mounts for the grand contests of the Turf. It can easily be understood that he, a Southern jockey, would feel peculiar satisfaction in winning the St. Leger after the North had made so sure of it. And now he had a horse under him which was thoroughly fit to try to win it. The determination with which he "came" on Buckstone was unmistakeable. The pet of Yorkshire seemed again about to be defeated, and this time upon his native turf and in sight of all his friends. But the judgment with which Challoner answered this challenge was as conspicuous as the vehemence with which Fordham offered it. Already, in regulating his horse's pace, and in making his close-shaving turn into the straight, Challoner had shown that he knew how to ride; and now, when the least mistake would have given the race to Fordham, he did exactly what was best. Nearly opposite the centre of the grand-stand he eased his horse, and allowed Buckstone to draw a few inches ahead of him. This movement was decisive of the race, for *The Marquis* wanted only the least bit of a "pull" before he came again. Then Challoner called upon *The Marquis* for the second time, and urged him with resolution equal to that which drove Buckstone forward. With intense anxiety the spectators watched every stride, and as the horses flew past the judge's chair, the difference between them was so slight that it was very generally believed that this splendid struggle had ended in a dead heat. Buckstone had looked so formidable at the moment when the contest could be best seen, that really it looked almost a victory for *The Marquis* that he had not been beaten. "A dead heat! a dead heat!" was shouted in tones not far from triumph. Then the operator at the telegraph was seen to be hoisting No. 11; but as it did not go up at once, the conclusion was that No. 16 was to be hoisted at the same time. Another moment of suspense, and No. 11 went up alone, with No. 16 following it. *The Marquis* had won the St. Leger by a short head.

It is due to the magnificent figure which Buckstone made in this memorable contest to own that in our previous observations and reflections we had scarcely done him justice. The inference generally drawn from his look and action at exercise was, after all, substantially correct, for he really did deserve to be brought almost to equal terms with *The Marquis* in the betting. On the other hand, we cannot but wonder at the slowness which those who are ordinarily good judges of racing have shown in recognizing the remarkable quality of *The Marquis*. When he had proved himself extraordinarily good at a mile, it was said that he could not stay a mile and a half; and when he had got that distance very creditably, we were told that another quarter of a mile would be too much for him. Our own opinion has always been that *The Marquis* was a good horse at any distance, and under any circumstances. If the St. Leger had ended in a dead heat, and the tie had been run off at the end of the day, *The Marquis* would have been as ready as any horse could possibly be to do his work over again. Speaking with all respect for Buckstone, we do not think he would have been quite as ready, and we believe that the betting on a deciding heat would have been slightly in favour of *The Marquis*. Fordham is reported to have said after the race, "They told me I had got a stayer, or I shouldn't have come so soon." No doubt *The Marquis* stayed the longest, but he found a sufficiently tough customer in Buckstone. The one is a worthy son of Stockwell, and the other nobly sustains the fame of his sire, Voltigeur. Both the ancestors were winners of the St. Leger, and, if both the descendants have not won it, that is because they happened to be born in the same year. We cannot part with the subject of Buckstone's running without noticing

the judgment and fidelity which preside over his owner's stable. The public always know what Mr. Merry thinks about his horses, and Mr. Merry does not often think far wrong. If Mr. Merry never won a race again, it would be enough honour for him to be able to say that in three successive years he had brought out Thormanby, Dundee, and Buckstone. On the other hand, it is fair to say that the public is rather apt to follow established names. If, as is the case with Mr. Hawke, a gentleman owns only a few horses, and has not been talked about uninterruptedly for several years, wise men "in the city" and elsewhere refuse to believe that he can do a great thing, and they manufacture favourites out of such material as Exchequer, and lavishly pour out money for their sakes. We never ventured to say, before the race, that *The Marquis* would win it, but we did say confidently that he would be there or thereabouts, and that whether he won or lost he would enjoy, if living ten years hence, almost an equal reputation with his sire, Stockwell.

We had almost forgotten to mention that Lord Glasgow's Clarissa colt ran into the third place, and that two other horses made something like a race with him for that honour, one of whom, we believe, was Argonaut, and the other, Johnny Armstrong. Both Hurricane and Old Calabar were pulled up before passing the judge's chair. The Marquis and Buckstone separated themselves from everything else, just as they did at Epsom. The only difference was, that in the Derby Caractacus was before them both. Thus two public trials establish *The Marquis* and Buckstone as the best of all the horses of their year who have been engaged in the great three-year-old races. But there is one horse not so engaged, Tim Whiffler, whom many people think able to beat them both. Perhaps before the Doncaster meeting is over he will have tried.

A STATE TRIAL IN ITALY.

IT has sometimes been said, with a certain plausibility, that the only substantial duty of any Government is to give to its subjects the benefits of a pure administration of justice. Dropping the exaggeration of such a statement, it may certainly be said that the maintenance of judicial integrity and fairness is by far the most important, and, it would seem from experience, the most difficult of all administrative duties. As a test of the measure of liberty enjoyed by any people, the mode of conducting trials, and especially State Trials, is quite conclusive. The constitutional history of England may all be read in its law reports. The corruptibility of the Bench in Tudor times, the arbitrary unfairness with which Stuart judges knew how to badger and browbeat an unlucky prisoner, were only the special symptoms of the more or less declared absolutism which still held its own against all theories of Parliamentary power. Even the last remnant of the old high Tory and divine right principles, for which the "King's Friends" battled so hard in the reign of George III., found its reflection in our courts of justice; and though the trials of Hardy and Horne Tooke were models of fairness as compared with earlier prosecutions for treason, the tone of the Attorney-General was very different from that which would be exhibited in these days even by a lawyer (if such a man could be found) as sound in his Tory doctrines as Lord Eldon himself. Possibly, in our consideration for political prisoners, we give them a shade more than the fair play to which they are entitled on their trials; but we have but a very short time to look back to find examples of anything but leniency on the part either of the Bench or the Counsel for the Crown. Englishmen have a right to be proud of a distinction which now separates the administration of justice in England from that which is met with in almost every other country in the world, and from that which once prevailed in our own Courts. It is not merely since the establishment of the Imperial system that the Courts of France have been signalized by the harshest treatment of prisoners accused of political offences; and now it is notorious that, both in private causes and in public prosecutions, the Courts of the country which claims to lead European civilization are accessible to the influence of power, if not to that of direct corruption. There is scarcely another of the old-established States of Europe which even pretends to possess an independent and incorruptible judiciary; and whatever claim the United States of America may once have made to compare in this respect with England, there have been few great trials in America in the conduct of which the pressure of the mob might not be seen to have exercised an overwhelming influence.

If the accounts given of the late State Trial in Naples convey anything like a just impression of the dignity and fairness with which it was conducted, the new kingdom of Italy may be congratulated on having almost at one step changed its judicial procedure from the worst to the best on the Continent of Europe. Everyone knows how State prisoners were treated under the religious Government of the ex-King of Naples and his father; and those who have any sympathy with the suggestion that the rule of Victor Emmanuel over the South of Italy is unable to consolidate itself without oppression, may learn something from a perusal of the trial of the unlucky Mr. Bishop. We do not wish to say anything as to the legal guilt or innocence of the accused. The jury seem to have differed as to the inferences to be drawn from the facts laid before them, though a majority were in favour of conviction. But probably the prisoner himself, with all the strong feeling that an Englishman has upon the subject, would acknowledge that he had been tried as fairly as if the proceedings had been conducted by English lawyers in the Court of Queen's Bench. One little incident is in marked

contrast with all that one would have looked for in a State prosecution, we do not say merely in Naples under the old régime, but in any of the capitals of Europe, certainly not excepting Paris. The prisoner, with an excitement that was natural enough, interrupted the prosecuting counsel with a vehement charge of falsehood; but neither from the Bench nor the prosecution was any attempt made to take advantage of the indiscretion by retorting in any way upon the accused. When it is remembered that the charge, whether well or ill-founded, was that of conspiring against the Government in the cause of an ex-King who has not scrupled to use brigandage as his chief instrument of attack, it is most creditable to those who represented the Government that no advantage was taken of the common hatred of the Bourbons, nor any attempt made, so far as appears, to excite the indignation, or appeal to the passions, of the jurors. In other respects the prosecution may compare favourably with all but the most recent of our own State trials. It was no small matter that the charges were clearly defined—more so, in fact, than the traditional jargon of our own law would allow in a case of treason. To read the indictment against Horne Tooke side by side with the charges against Mr. Bishop, would not give Englishmen much occasion for boasting; nor would the mysterious doctrines of constructive treason, and the presumption of compassing the King's death, which have so often formed the staple of argument before English juries, contrast at all favourably with the simpler and more direct accusations of this Italian indictment. The essential point, however, in every investigation, is the manner in which the evidence is allowed to be produced; and so far as the narratives furnished to the English press go, we cannot find that any of the safeguards which are thought necessary in this country for the protection of prisoners from unfair inferences, have been departed from. In spirit and in form, the trial seems to have been conducted with a patient fairness which it would be vain to look for in almost any other country. The same faculty for freedom which the Italians have shown in their conduct of Parliamentary business, is evidenced still more strongly by the reform of their judicial procedure. As the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel consolidates, the tendency to develop the characteristics which have hitherto been peculiar to England is daily becoming more decided. After innumerable failures, Constitutional liberty seems to have found a congenial soil beyond the narrow limits of our own islands; and it is not unnatural to suppose that time may develop, between ourselves and the new Mediterranean Power, a permanent union of sympathy, based on something deeper than the mere commercial principle which is almost our only bond of union with the other Powers of Europe. Unfortunately, others than the friends of liberty may foresee the tendency to approximation between countries where genuine Constitutional government exists; and the very virtues of the Italians may increase the suspicions of their overbearing patron, and prolong the time of trial which they have got before them. A thoroughly united kingdom, with a population of twenty-four millions, and with a growing tendency to gravitate towards English ideas, is not likely to be a pleasant prospect to the Sovereign who aspires to be the chief of the Latin nationalities of Europe. The conviction that France cannot depend on the subservience of a free Italy, is the foundation of all such idle schemes as those which have been so pompously paraded in the columns of *La France*; but the Emperor must have less sagacity than he has credit for if he believes that he can prolong the suspense of Italy without effacing all trace of gratitude, or that he can secure what is felt to be an indispensable alliance by the same policy to which Austria owes the loss of her Lombard territory and the implacable hatred of all Italians.

MUSIC HALLS.

AMONG the various methods of money-making discovered of late years, the opening of a music hall seems to be the most successful. A spacious room, plenty of gilt and gas, and a copious supply of beer and spirits, are the first essentials—the arrangements for the entertainment may be left in a great measure to chance. Large fortunes are realized by men who contrive, with scarcely an effort, to gratify the taste of that portion of the public which spends its evenings out of doors. The smartest brougham of a suburban district probably belongs to some ingenious individual who can earn more money by blackening his face than many a barrister or physician can make by the laborious pursuit of a harassing calling. Anyone who is able to sing a comic song and accompany it with the appropriate contortions of visage is on the high road to prosperity. The closer a man can imitate a negro or an idiot the more certain he is of popularity. The songs which are transferred from music halls to the streets are the most arrant nonsense ever concocted; but crowds of persons pay their money night after night to hear them sung. No doubt the attraction to many is the gorgeous style in which these halls are fitted up. It is a relief for the poorer classes to escape, even for a few hours, from the chilling aspect of a desolate room, and to revel amidst the show and glitter of splendid chandeliers and mirrors. Women with bright dresses and pink cheeks sing to them, and the amusement affords a decent pretext for drinking. The owners of such places know very well that the money they lay out in gold-leaf and crystal will produce an abundant return. The proprietor of one large hall affixes to his programme a thrilling description of the building. The visitor is forewarned that his "eye will be arrested by objects which by their gorgeousness will bewilder"

him, and that "some time must elapse before he can settle down to examine in detail." That solemn interval of preparation may be suitably spent in taking refreshment retailed at a trifling cost price. When his senses are sufficiently restored, the visitor will be "struck with the chaste and characteristic display of lamps," and he will also observe that in general "beauty" the building surpasses even the Alhambra at Granada. Not a word is said concerning the performances within this magnificent temple of the Muses. Music would appear to be of at least as much consequence as the decorations; but the proprietor understands what he is about. He acts upon the paying principle, that to please the eye is the great difficulty, and that to please the ear will require comparatively little pains. So that the paint is kept fresh, it matters not how faded and worn the voices of the singers become.

The assertion usually made in behalf of music halls is, that they are immeasurably superior to public houses, as places of amusement for the lower classes. A little "examination in detail" will lead one to the belief that this superiority is one chiefly of area. The majority of music halls are nothing more than tap-rooms on a large scale. Their dimensions are greater, and they are perhaps better ventilated; but the class of persons who frequent both places is the same; and the character of the entertainment is not a jot higher at the music hall than at the public house. Johnson's ponderous reflection concerning the crowd at Ranelagh would probably apply with greater accuracy to the supporters of music halls. It is difficult to understand what it is in the performances that really affords them pleasure. The singers, especially the women, are either common-place or extremely bad; and for months together, they do not make the least alteration in their *répertoire*. The woman who was squeaking "Bonnie Dundee," or "Home, Sweet Home," a year ago, is probably doing so now, with voice not improved by time. When good music is attempted, the effect is even more absurd. The company cannot sing together, they pay very little heed to the score, and they have no voices. The last disqualification may be accounted for by the circumstance that the same persons are compelled to sing in a hot atmosphere, reeking with smoke, night after night, the whole year round. What a selection from an opera must be, with a piano and harmonium for band, and a score or so of ill-educated and used-up vocalists for performers, we may leave the fastidious musician to conceive. No torture can, in fact, be much greater than that of listening to a music hall "star;" and one cannot help thinking that the ears that can take delight in such music must be very long ears, and that there is another and a kindred music that would suit them just as well. The serious part of the business is painful, but the comic portion is detestable beyond description. The buffoonery of some of the comic singers approaches as nearly as is well possible to absolute imbecility. Coarseness supplies the place of humour in the words of the songs, and absurd gesture passes for drollery in the manner of the singer. What people find to laugh at in these compositions must often have puzzled even the owners of music halls. To be easily pleased is a great advantage; and those who can enjoy a music hall comic song of the present standard, and laugh heartily over it, are perhaps to be envied. Strange to say, the most popular of the singers, as certainly they are the most objectionable and offensive, are the comic women. They have only to stick a beard and moustache on their faces, or wear their dresses without being particular as to length, and they are sure of three or four encores. These persons far exceed their male colleagues in vulgarity and coarseness. Does this explain their superior attractions? To see a fat woman waddle about the stage in a long beard and a short dress is a spectacle whose charms must be inscrutable to those who have not been partially reared in music halls. This, however, is what hundreds of men and women go to see. This is one of the things which illustrate the immense progress made in the public taste since the days when people flocked to hear the elder Mathews.

Bad singing and folly would not alone keep up the glory of a music hall. There must be something to excite the muddled minds of the audience towards twelve o'clock, in order to send them home contented; and this is supplied by performances in which some man or unfortunate child incurs the risk of a broken neck. We shall not waste words in condemning these exhibitions. People like them, and it is to the interest of managers to provide them, and while this is the case they will continue to exist. What we affirm is, simply, that entertainments which consist solely of the three attractions we have specified are not entitled to the elaborate praises bestowed on them by those who call themselves students of social life. They evince a decadence, rather than an advance in popular taste. It is said that music halls promote "musical education" among the poor. We reply, that the man who formed his ideas of music from the tunes he hears played on a barrel organ would be better grounded in his education than those who listen to the strained and inaccurate singing common at the music halls. There is only one place of the kind in London which deserves to be excepted from these remarks. From the hall to which we refer females are rigorously excluded, and the fact speaks volumes in its favour. The manager, having sacrificed one element of attraction, is obliged to study his programme with greater care. Men go to hear good singing and nothing else, and they are not disappointed. The music is selected with judgment, and the vocalists, all men and boys, are good musicians, with fair voices. In the comic singing political "hits" are attempted instead of slang jokes; and the whole performance, being intended to please men only, is of a higher character than at the gew-gaw

"palaces" and "halls." There is no trapèze, and there are no "sensation" feats. Perhaps, if the manager were injudicious enough to depart from his established system and admit women, he would find it necessary to have some performance in which a human life was placed in peril, but at present the room is filled without this attraction.

The "late" houses are lower in standard than the music halls, simply because there vice and ribaldry are undisguised. The thin veil assumed by the female comic singer is dropped. The consequence is that these places are left to apprentices out for a holiday, and to strangers who fancy they are witnessing every phase of London life. Upon the whole, bad as these dens are, we are inclined to think that they occasion less mischief than the common music hall. People go to them knowing what they have to expect, and those who do not care to deal in foul ware stay away. No working man thinks of taking his wife or children to places where the amusement is obscenity. The music hall, on the contrary, he looks upon as safe ground, unconscious that the comic performers will do quite enough to degrade the minds of his family, while the other "ladies and gentlemen" will spoil their ears for decent singing. Whether an experiment on different principle would pay at an ordinary music hall is uncertain—a rational entertainment, it must be remembered, will not please everybody. Fat women and "nigger" melodists are, in the opinion of some, better worth listening to than English ballads and part songs. It is time, however, that the cant about the high moral teaching of music halls should cease. To say that they foster drinking, extravagance, and a debased taste among the poor, would be much nearer the truth than the assertion that they "elevate the mind," and "purify the senses." A music hall may be a little better than a bar parlour, but it is an impudent imposition to pretend that it is an educational institution.

FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE CARVING IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

IN pursuing our review of the applied art of the International Exhibition, we may now proceed to consider the decorative carving in wood and stone, as distinguished from sculpture proper. This is a branch of art in which no considerable progress has been made since 1851, except so far as furniture is concerned. In the latter department—to take it first—we observe, alongside of numerous examples of corrupt and tasteless design, many proofs of the active working of better principles. In particular, we may notice the more frequent introduction by our English cabinet-makers of natural woods, and the bolder use of variety of material. It is a good sign that our upholsterers are no longer afraid of the free employment of polished deal, and birch, walnut, and maple, showing the natural grain of the wood without veneering or painting. Contrast too is often obtained by the juxtaposition of two different kinds of wood, or by the use of marble; and we observe that sycamore, and ash, and lime, are beginning to be made available as materials for domestic furniture. It is strange that, with all this, the beautiful art of parquetry is not making more progress among us. The cost, we presume, stands in the way. Yet we are sure that a cheap parqueting, could it be obtained by the use of machinery, would soon become very popular, not only for floors, but for mural decoration, and that not only for secular, but for ecclesiastical buildings. Some new processes have made their appearance, such as pyrography; but we do not see much promise in any of them. Nor have the exhibitors of carton-pierre and papier-mâché shown any disposition to make those useful materials—which they might easily become—really useful handmaids to architectural decoration. Clever contrivances displayed in the construction of furniture do not come under our notice; and we have nothing to say in favour of the misplaced ingenuity which paints tables, for instance, in imitation of Devonshire marbles or of inlaid wood-mosaics, or which imitates granite in cheap paper-hangings. But it is impossible not to see with pleasure that beauty and fitness of form are more studied in the designs of furniture by our best known manufacturers than of old. Sometimes, indeed, the attempt to produce an artistic effect is carried too far, as in several conspicuous sideboards and cabinets. And there is scarcely a single example of chastened taste or moderation in picture-frames and mirrors. Those objects are still the chosen field for the worst extravagances of the genius of *rococo*. But the most signal instances of bad taste are not to be found on the English side of the Exhibition; and, on the other hand, we may almost claim for our countrymen the monopoly of pure taste in the matters of displayed construction, natural woods, and the union of elegance and proper adaptation in respect of form. Much of this improvement is due, no doubt, to the working of the mediæval school among us. But it is a subject for congratulation that—as the majority of Englishmen will never consent to use purely mediæval furniture—the true principles of design are beginning to operate beyond the limits of that particular style. Undoubtedly, however, the most striking instances of good and original design are to be found in the strictly mediæval furniture. The escritoires, chairs, &c., exhibited by Mr. Seddon and Mr. Forsyth, are most interesting for the beauty as well as convenience of form, and the excellent colouring produced by inlaying, or the use of variegated materials, displayed in their construction. The introduction, moreover, of metal ornaments, of coloured stones and marbles, and even of painted panels, representing groups or figures, is most commendable. Some sideboards, cabinets, and the like, exhibited by Mr. Burges,

have been deservedly praised for the humour and fancy displayed in the choice of the painted subjects with which they are covered. But in some of these the actual construction is open to criticism, and even in the decoration, the clever designer has forgotten the admirable caution—*Ne quid nimis*. All these works, however, are tame and moderate when compared with the monstrosities, in the shape of mediæval furniture, exhibited by Messrs. Morris, Marshall, & Co. It is well for the Ecclesiastical Society, in whose space they are exhibited, that that body is not responsible for all the contents of their Mediæval Court. In justice to real mediæval furniture, such as is to be seen depicted in contemporary illuminations, we must say that the grotesque attempts of Messrs. Morris & Co. are mere caricatures and exaggerations. Of the better known names among English upholsterers, Messrs. Trollope seem to have been most careful to obtain good designs. French furniture of the old sort is well represented by M. Fourdinnois and M. Grohé. But we look in vain for any sign of improvement in design. In the Austrian Court there is a carved bedstead of the Gothic style, which is a noticeable specimen of elaborate workmanship. M. Martinotti, of Turin, exhibits some gaudy furniture in the Italian Court, which was certainly not worth sending to England. As for the well-known horn furniture from Hamburg, we can only say that it defies all rules of fitness and beauty in art. But the worst thing in this department, and perhaps in the whole exhibition, is a four-post bedstead exhibited by M. Forquinon, of Bremen. In this absurd composition, the bedposts are made up of ottomans, pillows, and the like, and festoons of flimsy drapery held aside by nude sprawling *Amorini*.

Organ cases and pianoforte cases offer a good field for decorative design. The best of the former are those designed by Mr. Seddon; but the colouring of his pipes is crude, and we do not know why the painted subjects, which are so happily introduced, should be treated mediævally. The wretched conventional Gothic of the old organ cases has nearly disappeared; though Mr. Bates exhibits one specimen. Generally, there is a marked improvement in the design of these instruments. One by Mr. Jones is vulgarly coloured, but is well-intentioned. Messrs. Alleson & Sons deserve credit for attempting to improve the artistic design of pianoforte cases. Gothic cases for this instrument are exhibited by Messrs. Hart (among their display of metal work), and in wood by Messrs. Knoll, of Tottenham Court Road.

Hence the transition to ecclesiastical wood carving is easy. The new stalls for Chichester Cathedral, designed by Mr. Slater and executed by Mr. Forsyth, are perhaps the best of the comparatively few specimens here exhibited. The only fault to be found with them is their flatness of design and their over-finish. We scarcely like to say all that we think of the machine-cut carving which bears the name of Mr. Cox, a well-known ecclesiastical decorator. The workmanship, as might be expected, is tame and lifeless; and the design is almost always of inconceivable baseness. It is a wonder that the commercial value of good design has not yet been appreciated by this energetic exhibitor. An amateur carver, the Rev. R. S. Baker, sends an eagle-lectern, well chiselled by manual labour. But the bird is ungainly and the plumage coarse. Here, too, we must notice the prize carvings of art-students, exhibited in Class X. by the Council of the Architectural Museum. It is remarkable that Holland and Belgium contend against each other with large carved pulpits. That by M. Cuypers, of Ruremund, is on the whole the best. It is of oak, octagonal in shape, with a sounding-board and a winding staircase. The style is a wiry kind of Gothic; and the execution is careful though feeble. It is decorated with carved figures and paintings, and is altogether very creditable. The same artist exhibits a *prie-dieu* with statuettes of the Virgin and Child, and painted triptych above—all very carefully designed. The Belgian pulpit, by M. Goyers, of Louvain, is a conspicuous object under the western dome. The Gothic design of this is flaccid and thin, and the carving is clumsy. The whole work is priced at the large sum of £40. We do not know whether the same carver is to be credited with a very pretentious but unsatisfactory wooden altar in the Belgian Court, which is overloaded with cherubs and monograms, mixed up with groups in low relief. There is also, in the space devoted to the Netherlands, a carved model of a Dutch church. France sends no ecclesiastical wood carving. In the Greek Court, some marvelously minute carving of sacred subjects by Agathangelos shows that the old art of Mount Athos is still living.

We have still the stone carving to consider. The fine fountain in the nave by Mr. Earp, constructed of alabaster and various marbles, is much to be commended; the only fault being that it is rather stumpy in its proportions. Mr. Nesfield also exhibits an elegant fountain designed in mediæval style. There are carved fireplaces innumerable—of every kind; most of them, we are glad to say, showing careful design, with various degrees of success. We wish we could have praised more highly that carved for the Queen by the late Mr. Thomas, an artist whose premature death is greatly to be lamented. From the "Architectural Objects" exhibited as a section of Class X. it is only necessary to single out the noble doorway for the Digby Mortuary Chapel, at Sherborne, by Mr. Slater. The tympanum for this doorway is exhibited, by a cast, in the Mediæval Court. It represents the Resurrection, and is finely modelled by Mr. Redfern, a young self-taught sculptor. The Court just named is rich in specimens of stone carving. Besides another alto-rilievo, by Mr. Redfern, representing the Entombment, which is to be placed in Limerick Cathedral, there is a very spirited reredos, designed by Mr. Burges, and

executed by Mr. Nicholls, for Waltham Abbey. The subject is the Adoration of the Shepherds and of the Magi; and one panel is shown in vivid—perhaps too vivid—colouring. There are other carved reredoses, showing that religious sculpture is beginning to revive in England as the highest form of church decoration. Here, for instance, is a cast of the famous Bedminster reredos—three scriptural groups—by Mr. Norton; and a repetition of Da Vinci's Cena, in low relief, for the altar of Winterbourne Church, by Mr. Farmer. Mr. Earp has also carved a Last Supper, on a somewhat varied type, for a reredos, by Mr. Teulon. On the whole, the most vigorous carving here is a bas-relief for the chimney of a manorial hall in Cornwall, executed by Mr. Nicholl from the design of Mr. Burges. It represents some scenes from the legend of St. Neot. No less than three recumbent effigies are exhibited; one of Dr. Mill, Cambridge Professor of Hebrew, by Mr. Philip—a most thoughtful work; another, by Mr. Forsyth, to the memory of the late Lord Cawdor, which only fails from its timid modification of the traditional stiffness of attitude in this kind of monument; and the third, a clever ideal figure of a young lady in modern dress, which is due to Mr. Burges and Mr. Nicholl, working in conjunction. On the sides of the tomb on which this effigy reposes, there are some quaint but ably carved panels in low relief, representing the several ages of human life. Besides these we may point to some single figures and some groups of saints, and some reliefs, all well sculptured by Mr. Forsyth. A font, for Congresbury Church, adorned with gilding and statuettes, bears the names of Mr. Norton and Mr. Farmer. Upon the whole, there is ample proof that decorative sculpture is reviving in the Church of England. With the exception of some gaudily coloured Madonnas there are few specimens of religious stone-carving in the foreign courts. In a remote part of the gallery will be found a shrine and a reredos in ivory by a German exhibitor. It is curious that so very little ivory carving is to be seen in the Exhibition. Finally, we may notice the onyx-marble of Algiers as a new material, which promises to be very valuable for the production of constructional architectural forms in a beautiful and enduring contrast of colour. MM. Lippmann Schneckenburger & Co. exhibit a new artificial material, to which they give the cumbersome name of "similimarbre-similipierre," which may also prove to be useful in decorative architecture.

REVIEWS.

UNE FEMME LIBRE.*

ALTHOUGH the Countess Dash is a facile and pleasing writer, her writings might, perhaps, be left to the criticism of those who care to read them, were it not that *Une Femme Libre* has a special interest of its own. It is written avowedly to do good. It is meant to point the way to virtue, and to save the wavering from vice. Its moral aim is to show what are the excesses into which a want of religion leads young women. It is this moral character that attracts us in it. Every nation has its own way of handling moral problems, and even successive generations of the same people treat virtue and vice in very different ways; and we may learn something of what is going on at each period of national history by noticing how the good people think proper to instil their goodness. The French novels of men written for men are familiar to most of us by this time; but a French novel by a woman, intended to be profitable to women, can scarcely fail to be instructive in its way, provided the author can write, and has skill enough to appear in earnest. English ladies are either not permitted to read French novels, or, if they explore the forbidden region, are usually scared and shocked, even if they are fascinated by the state of things they find described there. A French woman may well experience something of the same horror or repulsion. She may mourn over the pictures of the social life of her countrymen which she finds drawn in the pages of famous and notorious novelists, and may reasonably wish to have her say on the other side, and contribute what she considers a slight antidote to this mass of poison. Even if she has some little fancy for the poison herself, she may be artist enough to throw herself into the position of those who are all for the antidote.

The way in which the Countess Dash has set to work is to build up a terrible example by way of warning. She shows her female readers how silly, and naughty, and reckless a woman can be who is puffed up with vanity, and is without fixed principle. The *femme libre* is the daughter of one Parisian shopkeeper and the wife of another. Her home has been tainted with the evil examples of a mother who, in colloquial language, has gone to the bad, and of a father who has not gone to the bad simply because there was no epoch in his life when he was not there already. Empty-headed, exacting, and selfish, her one dream is to win her way to some kind of homage that would carry her out of her daily prosaic life. She meets a young fool at the opera who has hatched a new philosophy, the chief tenet of which appears to be that there shall be a Queen of Thought who shall free herself from every restraint of prudence and principle. He elects Hélène into the vacant place, and she in return quits her husband for him, and pours her private fortune into the lap of a little clique that worships her as a typical woman, and lives a loose sort of life in various back attics. By acci-

dent she comes across a still more complete idiot than herself or her lover—a philosopher who never washes, who shuns society, and is so exceedingly dead down the well of truth that for weeks he does not come out of it. She feels a call to cajole him into making her the priestess of this sublimer philosophy, and she and the recluse exhaust the last follies of blasphemy and pedantry. This incarnation of wisdom has, however, some money unexpectedly left him, on which he gives up dirt, philosophy, and Hélène on the spot. Ultimately, she fixes on a very nice young man, the idol of a devoted sister; and she orders him to fall in love with her, and worship her. The sorrows to which his madness subjects his sister form the material for a large portion of the novel. Ultimately he is cured, after ruining himself to serve what she calls the sacred cause, and Hélène drifts off into some other connexion. There is, so far as she is concerned, no exact ending to the book, and we are left to imagine her whirling into new realms of female liberty and of vulgar vice.

This is the dreadful picture, the contemplation of which is to keep weak young women in the paths of religion and peace. "If you will think for yourselves and follow the dictates of your silly vanity," the authoress virtually says, "this is what you will come to. You will set up for being a Queen of Thought, and will soon live with a dirty uncombed recluse." It requires no special knowledge of France or Paris to be sure that this sort of warning is absolutely futile. We are accustomed in England to pictures of the same sort in the literature of despair gathered round the fertile theme of the noxious weed. If you take a cigarette in your study, you will come to chew Cavendish in church. The simple answer is, that you will do nothing of the sort. The imaginary Parisian female who is supposed to be warned by this novel must be perfectly aware that figures could scarcely express the amount of chances against her doing what this wretched Hélène does. That a shopkeeper's wife should pant for a philosophy of mystical libertinage, and that she should find a series of philosophers to teach it her, all of whom she should like to live with, is so wild a dream that it cannot affect any one's conduct. A girl who has not much religious principle may be aware that she will not improbably get into scrapes, and if a calculation of consequences was likely to keep her right, it might be advisable to show the evils she was storing up for herself if she ceased to be prudent. But she has no more reasonable fear of being the mistress or female divinity of a blasphemous, dirty philosopher than she has of being the second concubine of the King of Madagascar. It is true, that there have been women in Paris of whose career that of Hélène is only an exaggerated caricature. But these people are not likely to read the Countess Dash's novel, and they would certainly not profit by the study even if they took to it. It is idle to address with feeble literary warnings persons hardened in the extremity of folly and degradation. The moralizing can only be intended for those who would shudder at doing as this fictitious *Femme Libre* is represented to have done, and they are perfectly aware that her danger is not theirs.

But this book does more than illustrate the futility of that species of warning which is based on the example of anomalous and monstrous folly. If that were all, the Countess Dash's novel would only show what countless English tracts show. But it does more. It suggests the real difficulty of giving effectual warnings in France, and of writing with success on the side of virtue. It is the picture of virtue and not that of vice which is the really efficacious charm. The best device of the instructive novelist is to sketch an ideal, to kindle or foster the better feelings of readers by inspiring notions of something purer, better, and nobler than themselves. But unfortunately, in France, it is peculiarly difficult to draw an instructive ideal. The general tone of French literature is against it. There are, indeed, many characters in modern French fiction and poetry which are full of grace, nobleness, and delicacy of feeling, but they are all coloured by the prevailing taste for the melodramatic. The good woman, the ideal of French romance, is a virgin whose great characteristic is being like a lily, who endures all sorts of martyrdom with a smile, and is always on the eve of ascending some sort of funeral pile. This is not a bad ideal in its way, but it is a very unpractical one. Melodramas do not make people good. They produce a temporary and partial effect, which may be all very well so far as it goes, and so long as it lasts, but which has no great or satisfactory influence, because it is, after all, only poetical, and not real. The example that profits is neither that of an extreme aberration from sense and virtue, like that which the Countess Dash has taken the pains to draw, nor is it that of a virtue which is gilded with the light of strange extremities of evil encountered with marvellous constancy. The ideal heroine of French fiction is not unlike the floating saint of Paul Delaroche, that has charmed so many visitors to the Exhibition. It is fantastic and romantic, and full of a strange mixture of the possible and the impossible; but it remains apart from the beliefs and hopes of the spectator; and not even its most fervent admirer thinks that a halo and a melting of garments into the lines of green water are the real rewards of sanctity on earth.

It may also be observed that the religion to which the Countess invites her readers has the same tinge of melodrama in the shape which it so frequently assumes when set before the French public. Whether Catholicism is in itself more apt to be dissociated from morality than Protestantism, and less productive of good in the domestic relations, it is not very easy to say. Many of the usual Protestant platitudes on the subject are mere pieces of claptrap.

* *Une Femme Libre.* Par Mme. la Comtesse Dash. Paris. 1862.

Belgium, the Tyrol, and Lombardy are enough to refute the hasty generalization drawn from the cantons of Switzerland, which asserted that Catholics are thrifless and poor, and Protestants frugal and rich. Probably, however, if we were to look at all the facts, we might find some real grounds for thinking the morality of Protestantism actually superior. However that may be, there can be no doubt that Catholicism lends itself much more naturally to one species of what is melodramatic in religious feeling, and that this side of Catholicism has been eagerly seized by a great number of popular French writers. The naughty women of French fiction, or at least the women we should here consider naughty, are generally represented as attending religious services with rapture, as prostrating themselves in different varieties of penitential agony, and as having a turn for sacred music, and especially the organ, which is little short of ecstatic. We cannot venture to assert that this melodramatic religion is wholly valueless. It may be better for a woman who is deceiving her husband that her soul should occasionally grovel in the dust under the influence of an anthem. But the difference between this and doing right is the difference between darkness and light. French novelists might work in a different direction. They might sketch the proclivities of vice with accuracy and reserve. They might draw ideals of practical, commonplace, sterling excellence; they might see in religion a restraining and guiding power, and not an affair of incense, and agony, and organs. But, with very rare exceptions, they prefer melodrama in some shape or other, and therefore their warnings and teachings are likely, we should imagine, to prove very ineffectual, whether they take the form of the extravagance visible in the *Helène* of the Countess Dash, or that of the kindred creations embodying melodramatic virtue and melodramatic religion.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS.*

TWO of the illustrious series of Roman emperors—and these, each in his way, the most illustrious among them—have left us a written memorial of themselves, to assist in bringing us face to face with the thoughts and actions of antiquity. Yet it is only by a strong exercise of the imagination, and with the aid of much conjectural interpretation and supplementation of our own, that we can pretend to realize Julius Caesar in his *Commentaries*, or Marcus Aurelius from the volume of his *Thoughts* or *Addresses to himself*. The works of the earlier emperor—statesman, orator, philosopher, grammarian, man of science as he was—are confined, as is well known, to the barest narrative of certain military transactions. Those of the later—an active administrator, an able and unwearied campaigner—relate only to his personal meditations, or to what we might call, in these days, his private devotions. We can conceive, indeed, no record that would be more interesting to the student of history than a genuine transcript of Caesar's reflections or confessions; while, on the other hand, it would be a great, though doubtless a very inferior satisfaction, could we follow, from the lips of the virtuous imperial philosopher, a narrative of the solemn political events in which he bore part as a leader of men, and the defender of an ancient civilization. It happens, unfortunately, that our accounts of the wars and government of Antoninus are peculiarly meagre and imperfect, and we must make an effort to measure the imperfection of our knowledge of the man and his times, before we can appreciate the curious and affecting record of his *Thoughts* which has actually descended to us.

We do not know the circumstances of the first publication of this book. Its very title, or rather its want of a title (for it bears on its front simply the words, "Of the things said or addressed to himself") seems to confirm, what we might guess from the contents themselves, that it is a genuine private memorandum of reflections put together with no view to further circulation in any shape. Nor is it likely that the good emperor's bad son Commodus would have cared to bring to light this secret testimony to his father's virtues. The desultory and even fragmentary character of the work, if indeed we may call it a work, shows at first sight that it was not prepared for the public eye, either by the writer himself, or by any intelligent or accredited editor. That we possess it at all seems to be owing to some happy accident; but we shall not be disposed to value it the less because it met with so little appreciation from the age which exceptionally produced it.

The personal fortunes of Marcus Antoninus were peculiar, and are worthy of our attention in estimating the character of his memorials. He was chosen as a mere youth, and designated for the eventual reversion of empire, by the shrewdest and not the least capricious and fanciful of the Cæsars. Hadrian recommended him to his next intended successor, Antoninus Pius; and thenceforth he was brought up, with the purple full in view, in the moral and bodily training most congenial to the spirit of the highest nobility of Rome. In arms and athletic exercises the young Cæsar was not deficient; but from the first his natural bent lay in the direction of liberal studies, and especially of the Grecian philosophy. The pupil has piously recorded the names of his numerous teachers, and specified with some particularity the moral benefits he derived from them respectively. Up to the period of his early manhood he was free to devote himself with unchecked ardour to this education of the soul. The accession of Pius brought him within one step of the throne, and for another twenty years he

could only divide his hours, more or less equally, between study and affairs. But public business at this happy epoch was peaceable, and flowed in a uniform current. The young Antoninus was never required to quit his palaces in Rome or the suburbs throughout the reign of his patron, but continued all the time storing up knowledge on the topics most interesting to him, and accustoming himself to constant reflection and to stringent self-examination. It was not till the last period of his life, when he became actual emperor, and, either in partnership with the strapping Verus, or latterly standing alone and unassisted, found himself confronted with the most formidable perils that had yet assailed the empire, that he was forced to surrender himself without reserve to the practical duties of a world-wide administration.

The perils of the empire were threefold. The army returning from Syria had disseminated through half the provinces, as well as in the capital itself, the seeds of a pestilence which seems not to have been eradicated for half a century, and which, while it cut off the youth and flower of every class of citizens, reduced the military power of the State to the lowest ebb. At the same moment the long-pent fury of the German, Scythian, and Sarmatian tribes from the Rhine to the Pruth burst forth in simultaneous and possibly in concerted assaults upon the frontiers. Previous emperors had yielded to the fatal temptation of purchasing peace from the barbarians, to whom it now at last occurred to explore for themselves what were the accumulated treasures of an empire which had been content to pay so handsome an insurance. Formidable as these perils were, the internal corruption, the deadness at heart, the decay of virtue, the collapse of faith, which had stricken the vital powers of Roman society, were even more perilous. Rome had never before suffered so much from the lack of spirit and ability in her ruling class; and it would seem that the salvation of the empire depended on the strength of one arm, and that the arm of a man whose life had been spent in far other prospects and employments.

The extreme lassitude of the period is strongly marked in the *Reflections* of this ill-fated ruler. The vigour and ferocity of the Republic are now tamed down to a condition of quietism of which we had no earlier evidence. The aim of these *Reflections*, short, desultory, and unconnected, which make up the twelve books before us, is to fortify the philosophical emperor against the troubles with which he was so rudely assailed. They are eminently vague and general in their character. We learn, from the subscription to one of the portions, that it was written in the country of the Quadi—that is, during a campaign on the Danube; but there is no other hint or allusion in the work from which we could guess the circumstances under which it was composed. Night after night, we must suppose, after the toils and agitation of battles, marches, and watches, the weary and troubled chief sate down to review the thoughts which might serve to brace his courage and endurance for the morrow, and lead him to examine the springs of his conduct and resolutions. They dwelt upon the contempt of death, on resignation to human ills, on the vanity of worldly affairs, on the beauty and holiness of true philosophy, on temperance, purity, and justice, on veneration for the Divine principles ruling in the heart of man, and supreme over the framework of the universe. Yet there is no reference to the state of political affairs around—to the pestilence in the country or the camp, to the insolence of the enemy, to the alarm of the government. There is no word of complaint against the pusillanimity of the people—no murmur at the cursed spite of fortune which set the mild and peaceful student to a harder task than had fallen to a Camillus, a Scipio, or a Trajan. The moral principle with which Antoninus meets his perils and difficulties, with which he nerves himself to this consummate resignation, is the assurance that man is all-sufficient and self-supporting—that what he cannot do he needs not to do, that what he cannot avoid he need not shrink from, that what he must suffer it is fit and good that he should suffer. Let him conquer all reluctance—confine his view to the plain duty before him, subdue all external yearnings, love, hate, pride, ambition—obey the laws, practise justice, honour the gods, observe ceremonies and ordinances, abstain from all positive belief, fear nothing, hope nothing, desire nothing—and so he will pass through the world with as much comfort as circumstances permit, and when he dies, it matters not whether he be remembered or forgotten. Or rather, as forgotten he must be, it matters not whether he be forgotten next year, or twenty years or a hundred years later. Such was the heathen quietism; and such was the consummation to which the cultivation of the human intellect attained at the culminating period of ancient civilization. Surely it was a very blank result of so many ages of intellectual activity.

There are few remains of antiquity that have excited so much interest as this little volume, and the fact itself is a curious subject of speculation. The position of the imperial philosopher is indeed romantic, as well as singular. Few princes have been placed in circumstances so trying. None under such circumstances have given us such an *Icon Basiliæ*, such a portraiture of their own royal sorrows and sufferings. We do not accept as genuine the treatise ascribed to Charles the Martyr of England; and we have no record of the meditations and confessions of Saint Louis of France. But we are apt to confound the quietism of the consummate Stoic, such as the saintly Antoninus, with that of the Christian enthusiast, and to attribute to it views and aspirations which it did, in fact, emphatically reject. The resignation of the devout Christian, the apathy to which he may sometimes school himself, is necessarily subordinated to the prospect of a higher future career. Granting

* *The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus.* Translated by George Long. London. 1862.

his premises, that the sufferings of this present world, which are but for a moment, are not to be compared with the eternal weight of glory laid up for him in the heavens, we feel that his course is directed and controlled by an adequate aim and purpose. Such an object is required to harmonize a mode of thought which, without it, is utterly aimless and inconclusive. To the Christian, or to the loving and consistent Theist, who believes at least in a moral Providence and a future retribution, the thoughts of Antoninus are full of tenderness and passion, of moral truth and insight. But Antoninus himself was neither a Christian nor, we must suppose, a Theist. His aspirations after a Providence and a future life, if such he had—and, indeed, he seems to have been not wholly destitute of them—are thrust back into his heart of hearts, and studiously suppressed; and if contemplated without reference to them, his Reflections lose a great part of their force and pertinence, and can hardly retain an intelligent interest in the reader.

But it is this interest which these meditations have always had in reference to belief, that give them their real place and importance in the history of human thought. They are preserved to us, not by the love or sympathy of heathens like their author himself, but by the regard entertained for them by the most thoughtful of Christian teachers and their disciples in succeeding generations. They have been felt to constitute a link between heathen philosophy and Christian faith. They becloud, notwithstanding their lack of objective faith itself, the first yearning for objective faith which was just then beginning to lead the Grecian speculators—a Justin, a Quadratus, an Aristides, a Clement, or an Origen—to the positive creed of Christianity. Still more, they show the need for it, if man is to form for himself any moral rule at all—if conscience is to strike any root or lodge a solid foundation in the human soul. The Thoughts of the virtuous Antoninus led some men, we cannot doubt, to an intelligent faith in his own day; it is probable that often in later times they have subserved the same excellent purpose in the order of Providence; and the appearance of a new translation of them may not be without significance even at the present epoch of trembling faiths and hesitating aspirations.

COUNT CAOURV.*

A Life of Count Cavour by a competent biographer would have more than biographical and historical value. It would supply a text-book in politics for the education of English as well as Continental statesmen. Cavour's was, in fact, a thoroughly English political genius, and he united all the qualities, principles, and sympathies which might have made him a powerful and popular Prime Minister of England, had he been one of its citizens. Thoroughly conversant with economic science, a master of finance, a lover of Parliamentary life, and a first-rate debater—liberal in his instincts and philosophy, yet conservative in his administrative politics, and concerned for the honour of his country no less than for its material prosperity—Cavour was also an excellent country gentleman, and a genial and delightful member of the best society. We may look back at his career even with some national pride; for, though not much in England, he may be said to have studied politics in an English school. From an early period of his life, he gave close attention to the questions agitated in England, and adopted respecting them the conclusions of the first English statesmen and political philosophers. His political heroes were Pitt and Peel, and he set up the constitution and modern legislation of Great Britain as the model for his own country. Writing at one time to M. de la Rive's father about the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, he said:—

I must tell you that I have been shocked by an article on the *Old Asturie*, in which the English are turned into ridicule after the fashion of writers for the boulevards. This article forms an unpleasant contrast to the usually serious and measured tone of the *Bibliothèque*, and injures it greatly.

M. de la Rive mentions this as indicating that Cavour looked to books for information rather than amusement; but we are inclined to think it indicates the respect and regard he had for the English character, and the contempt he felt for the vulgar and ignorant prejudices against it on the Continent thirty years ago. Several years afterwards Cavour wrote:—

It must be admitted that public opinion is not in general favourable to England. Let it not be supposed that this is the feeling of France alone. From St. Petersburg to Madrid, in Germany as in Italy, both the enemies of progress and the partisans of political subversion look upon England as their most formidable adversary. The hatred which animates extreme parties against England ought to make her popular with intermediate parties, with the friends of moderate reform, and of the gradual and regular progress of society; with those, in a word, who are equally opposed to sweeping changes in society, and to its remaining stationary.

Cavour early joined those "intermediate parties." At twenty-three, he said of himself—"I am an honest member of the *juste milieu*, eager for social progress, but determined not to purchase it at the cost of political and social subversion." So, in 1848, upon Cavour's proposal of a constitution for Piedmont, Valerio, as a democrat, asked, "What is this constitution to be? Some English constitution, with an electoral body, and all the paraphernalia of an aristocracy. Why, don't you know my Lord Camille? the greatest reactionist in the country, the greatest enemy of the Revolution, an anglophile of the purest breed?" Such was the opinion formed by the revolutionary party of a person whom the Church and the Court had watched with alarm, almost from his boyhood, as the enemy of established institutions; and who, when some one censured the assault upon Marshal Haynau

in London as atrocious, "pale, and with a voice trembling with indignation, retorted, 'The draymen of London have given a lesson to Europe.'" Cavour was, in short, in political feeling, an Englishman—a being hard to be understood upon the Continent.

M. de la Rive's *Reminiscences* do not make a complete biography of Cavour, for that, as he observes, cannot be written at the present day; but they give us a perfect insight into his character from his childhood. It was a maxim with Cavour, *ne jamais rompre la chaîne*—that is to say, never to break by sudden changes the continuity in the life of a people; and we can trace an unbroken continuity in his own life from his tenderest years through M. de la Rive's pages. The hard student and indefatigable man of business at twenty-three, was, indeed, at the age of three, in his mother's language, "my big Camille, a good romping boy, stout, obstreperous, and always ready for play, with a horror of his letters." But in this description we can perceive the germ of the immense energy and the boundless activity which he afterwards displayed, the unceasing flow of animal spirits which sustained him through so much labour and so many trials, making him as charming in private as he was successful in public life, and the passion for liberty which characterized him at every stage of his career, and out of which grew the fundamental maxim of all his political theories. "Personal liberty," says M. de la Rive, "in its thorough development and in the fulness of its consequences, was always, in Cavour's eyes, the keystone of the arch of modern liberty, the centre of all those separate principles of which liberty in general is compound." At ten years of age he went to the Military Academy, and, on account of his rank, was soon afterwards made a page of Court; but this post, though greatly sought for the privileges it conferred, did not suit Camille de Cavour. He hated the forms of etiquette which he had to go through; and, as he said himself many years afterwards, he "blushed with shame at being dressed like a lacquey;" in short, he acquitted himself so ill as a young courtier, that he was deprived of most of the honours of his place. Cavour had, as M. de la Rive observes, "even before he became conscious of his own personal value, on all that relates to the freedom and dignity of man, a very distinct notion, and, on all that affected his own individual freedom and dignity, a very deep feeling." He always made light of orders, titles, and honorary posts, and he detested routine, forms, and regulations. "Regulations," he said, "convert an official into a blockhead." But though he was so indifferent as a page, he distinguished himself so highly as a pupil at the Military Academy that he got his commission at sixteen—four years too soon, according to the rules of the service. The next five years were spent, very pleasantly to himself, as an officer in the army; but he again got into disgrace with the Court for freely expressing his delight at the revolution of July 1830; and, being sent to a dull and lonely station as a punishment, he resigned his commission in disgust in 1831. Thus, when barely twenty-two, Othello's occupation being gone, and seeing no other busy career open, he took to farming a neglected family estate. "There, in the midst of rice-fields, he displayed a degree of perseverance and energy, of boldness and sagacity, and an amount of administrative ability and power of invention, which would have changed the face of a kingdom, as surely as it changed the face of the estate which had been entrusted to his firm and skilful hands." M. de la Rive describes him as now superintending the clearing of a forest, now undertaking to supply the Pacha of Egypt with sheep, and now making canals. He was the chief promoter of the Agricultural Society of Piedmont; he set up infant asylums, corn-mills, manufacturers of chemical manures, a railway company, a bank and a club at Turin; he read every work he could lay his hands on in English, French, or Italian, on agriculture, political economy, and history; and in society he was "the type of light accomplishments, and happy and graceful *insouciance*."

Yet all this while his eye was never withdrawn from the field of European politics and the general movement of the age. Being in Paris in 1835, he addressed a letter to M. de la Rive's father, containing the following remarkable passage:—

It is impossible to deceive ourselves; society is marching on with rapid strides towards democracy. Aristocracy is crumbling away on every side. The patrician order no longer finds a place in the social organization of the present day; what then remains with which to struggle against the popular tide? Nothing substantial, nothing effective, nothing permanent. Is this a good or an evil? I hardly know, but in my opinion it is the inevitable destiny of mankind.

M. de la Rive remarks that M. de Tocqueville was writing his great work at the time Cavour penned these words; but M. Gustave de Beaumont states, in his Memoir of Tocqueville, that *La Démocratie en Amérique* was published in January 1835, and Cavour's letter is dated March 31, 1835, so that it is probable he had already made himself master of its contents, and at once recognised its appearance as an epoch in the history of philosophy. But notwithstanding the authority of two such names as Tocqueville and Cavour, we venture to doubt the conclusion that society is everywhere hurrying towards democracy. "By democracy," says Mr. Mill, "M. de Tocqueville understands equality of conditions; the absence of all aristocracy, whether constituted by political privileges, or by superiority in individual importance and social power." M. de Tocqueville himself asks—"Is it credible that the democracy which has annihilated the feudal system, and vanquished kings, will respect the bourgeois and the capitalist?" But may we not ask, on the other hand, whether there are not some signs that English ideas and institutions are competing, not without success, with those of France for prevalence among the future nations and polities of Europe, and

* *Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour.* By William de la Rive. Translated from the French by Edward Ronnely.

that we may be nearer to an era of constitutions than of despots and democracies? Tocqueville himself has remarked that Continental thinkers usually confound an aristocracy with a noble caste, and that the strength of the English aristocracy lies in the fact that it has been for centuries a *bond-fide* aristocracy, rather than a noble caste. We are disposed to think that, over and above the accessibility of rank and station to merit in England, and the blending of noble families from time immemorial with the commons, hereditary wealth and landed property lie at the root of much of the consequence and power of the nobility. But we can discern no tendency in English thought adverse to the continuance of inheritance and testamentary liberty. And it seems not beyond possibility that something like the English law of succession may ultimately be preferred by the legislatures of Europe to that of France, the establishment of which was, in fact, a retrogressive, not a progressive, movement; for, as Mr. Maine has observed, the authors of the French code have established a system of perpetual entails, infinitely nearer akin to the system of feudalism than a perfect freedom of bequest would be. We question, moreover, whether the prophets of democracy have sufficiently taken into account the influence, on the one hand, of growing wealth upon the political and social ideas of society, and, on the other, of the spectacles afforded by some of the consequences of the levelling system in France and America. M. Artom, Cavour's chief secretary, relates that, during the Sicilian expedition of Garibaldi in 1859, when the Mazzinists made the most desperate efforts to exasperate the Genoese against the Government, Cavour said, "Was I not right when I told you the Genoese were too rich now not to be Conservatives?" And riches are growing in other places besides Genoa. The current of European opinion may set in favour of institutions which will at once, by balancing the power of the majority with a powerful minority, protect individuality and personal freedom, and, by establishing numerous proprietary interests on the side of order, defend the commonwealth from the ambition or fanaticism of revolutionary minds.

Whether Cavour was right in his prediction of approaching democracy or not, there are several conclusive proofs of his remarkable political foresight in M. de la Rive's *Reminiscences*. Several years before the repeal of the Corn-laws he saw the drift and inevitable issue of Sir Robert Peel's financial policy either more clearly than Peel himself saw it, or more clearly than Sir Stafford Northcote sees it now. In his *Twenty Years of Financial Policy*, Sir S. Northcote asserts that the tariff reforms of 1842 were of secondary importance in Sir R. Peel's estimation, and that he looked coldly upon projects for entirely remodelling our fiscal system. Yet in 1843 Cavour wrote from London—"In respect to the abolition of protective duties no real differences exist between Sir R. Peel and Lord J. Russell. Both of them will put in practice the principle of free trade, but one endeavours to carry his object by clever management, while the other would accomplish it by more direct and, perhaps, more violent means." And, on his return to Italy in the same year, Cavour published an essay on the Corn-laws, in which he said—"We are thoroughly convinced that Sir Robert Peel takes the same view of commercial questions as Lord John Russell. We are satisfied that Peel has made up his mind to persevere, session after session, in the work of reform which he has begun. The present session will afford evidence of the truth of our assertion." To this he added a confident prediction that the commercial revolution about to be accomplished in England would afterwards take place upon the Continent. At the same period, he prophesied the failure of O'Connell's agitation for Repeal of the Union, and in doing so he not only sketched out beforehand the general policy which the English Government would pursue towards Ireland, but foretold the introduction of a measure to facilitate the sale of Irish landed property. The young Italian who thus showed himself in political wisdom, and in the comprehension of English politics, fully the equal of the most experienced and skilful English statesmen, had not only been carefully shut out from public life, but had lived from his childhood "in a country where," as he said himself, "intelligence and science were looked upon as inventions of the devil." Down to 1848, the Church governed the State at Turin, and the chief commandment was—Thou shalt not think. "Every manifestation of thought, under whatever circumstances, was rigorously proscribed. The philosophy of Rosmini, the theology of Gioberti, railway projects, industrial associations, secret societies, the circulars of Mazzini, and the articles in the *Débats*, were all considered equally hostile and equally subversive."

M. de la Rive compares Cavour to Mr. Cobden. But subtract from Cavour the best qualities of Mr. Cobden, and there remain those of Pitt and Peel, and, we might add, of Lord Palmerston. In his essay on the Corn-laws, already adverted to, Cavour in a noble passage pointed out that wealth and commerce are neither the sole nor the chief objects of nations and governments, and that political economy is only entitled to the second place in the regulation of the movements of the political world. Mr. Cobden, we should think, looks on railways as above all things the shortest roads to market; but when Cavour wrote on behalf of railways in Italy, he dwelt especially on their tendency "to unite the different members of the Italian family" and thereby "to effect the conquest of Italian independence." Much that Cavour desired and designed to do for his country remains unachieved; but one part of his work is complete and indestructible, and it is the part which, had Providence preserved him, he would most rejoice to see. It is that the people of Italy no longer, like Bolingbroke and his party in the last century, "wait

with much resignation to see to what lion's paw they are to fall," and are still less disposed to be the prey of animals of the vulpine species.

THE HORSES OF THE SAHARA.*

THIS book is a very curious and interesting one. It is, as it were, a sort of writ of right brought on behalf of the Arab, or rather the Eastern, Horse, to reclaim that inheritance of honour among horses to which he is entitled. His claim to this of late years has been questioned, if not altogether denied, and General Daumas seeks to re-establish it upon the most unimpeachable foundations. In doing this he has a practical object in view—namely, to persuade the French Government that it is desirable to found certain public studs in Algeria, and thereby to secure to France, primarily for war, incidentally for other purposes, an improved breed of horses. For this purpose, however, a memoir of twenty pages would have been sufficient; the rest of a somewhat bulky volume is the product of a genuine enthusiasm. It is true that other topics have engaged the general's pen. In the second part of the work, especially, the whole life and social history of the Sahara are described for us; but still the horse of the desert, as seen and admired by General Daumas, is the central figure in the picture. If the Arab is brought before us, in all his strength and weakness, it is not so much on his own account, as because he is the breeder, trainer, and rider of these matchless chargers. If the women of the Bedouin encampment are minutely described, it is because they nurse tenderly, and feed carefully with camel's milk, the high-bred colt, as soon as he is weaned; and afterwards, without much reference to the seventh commandment, fall in love with the accomplished cavalier who bestrides him. So is it with the hawks, the greyhounds, the gazelles, the panthers, the lions of the desert. They either hunt with, or are hunted by the nobles of Algeria—the proprietors of the true-bred, high-blooded horse—and have their value in making manifest to the world, in a greater or less degree, his invaluable qualities. Another, and a separate interest which this book possesses, is to be found in the letters of the Emir Abdel Kader. General Daumas, who appears to be a high-minded and kind-hearted soldier, has acquired the friendship of that illustrious exile, and naturally appeals to him as, perhaps, the highest living authority, upon those subjects which he has undertaken to discuss. Abdel Kader seems to find a melancholy pleasure in answering his inquiries, and leaves nothing connected with the manners and customs of his fellow-countrymen unillustrated or unexplained. There is much in these communications of his which deserves, we think, attentive consideration from the breeder and trainer of horses, from the farrier—nay, if the owner of Luzborough and Ilione had time to listen, from the statesman himself. But besides all this, we defy the general reader to peruse the letters of the baffled and defeated Mahomedan hero without being profoundly affected. They are full of a gentle dignity, and of uncomplaining resignation to the will of God, and yet they disclose a spirit which, though supported by a serene self-respect and a genuine piety, cannot forget the past. He pines still for the wild life and pure air of his native Sahara. "There the countless flowers glow like pearls along the sand; there the diseases of the city cannot come. The young draw in health and happiness with the untainted breeze, and the aged men attain to a length of years such as the infidel cannot even imagine." He must console himself with the conviction that in his case the whole civilized world echoes heartily the noblest speech ever uttered by the great Napoleon, "Honour to the brave in misfortune!"

The first chapter treats, as in duty bound, of the origin of the Arab horse; and we turned to it with great interest, expecting to find a full and accurate summary of all that is known upon the subject. In this we were disappointed. We are referred to a long letter of the Emir Abdel Kader, who gives only the legends current among his fellow-countrymen. We are told that some two or three days before the birth of Adam the Deity called upon the south wind to condense itself. Out of that concentrated air he created a bay or dark-chesnut horse, and blessed it as the noblest of animals. "Bon pour poursuite comme la fuite, tu voleras sans ailes, sur ton dos reposeront les richesses, et le bien arrivera par ton intermédiaire." General Daumas so far accepts this fable that we understand him to believe that there has existed in Arabia from time immemorial an indigenous stock of horses, whose natural colour is bay or chesnut, and that the Arabs, migrating into Africa, came with them. From thence the progenitors of the existing Barb. We wish the General had entered more at large into this subject, because his conclusions run counter to all our preconceived opinions. In the first place, we do not believe *chesnut* or *brown* to be one of the original colours, nor do we consider the horse to be indigenous in Arabia any more than coffee is. On the question of colour we shall have more to say by-and-by. As to the other point, we cannot but remark that General Daumas takes no notice of the important fact, that when Xerxes invaded Greece there is no mention of Arab horses in his army. Their contingent was mounted upon camels, and constituted what we suppose would now be called a dromedary corps. The finest Asiatic breed of that day was the white Cilician; they formed part of the tributary present which the vassal monarch of that country sent to the great king, and furnished the sacred horses of

* *Les Chevaux du Sahara et les Mœurs du Désert.* Par E. Daumas, Général de Division, Sénateur. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. 1862.

the Sun. Nay more, we have an opportunity of comparing them with those Thessalian steeds of whom General Daumas speaks, mistakenly, as being the swiftest known in ancient times. The Thessalian horse, whatever its merits, was not what we call a blood horse. Without going back to the divine Balias, whom Abdel Kader would have pronounced, in spite of his talents for conversation, "a brother of the cow," on account of his piebald coat, we learn from Herodotus that when Xerxes arrived in Thessaly, the most celebrated running-horses of that country were matched against some of his chosen Eastern coursers; and further, that they had not the shadow of a chance with them. The informant of the old chronicler had evidently seen the race; and his short account, the picturesque simplicity of which defies translation, sets it before us as clearly as if we had read its history in *Bell's Life*. The white Cilician thoroughbreds made what we now call strong running from end to end; and the Thessalian cocktails, one after the other, shut up like fans, under the severity of the pace. To proceed, when Virgil enumerates the natural productions of the different regions to which Rome had access, frankincense is what Arabia sends—it is to Epirus that the world is indebted for the "palmas equarum." And the hollow-backed, round-actioned brute, upon which Marcus Aurelius has sat for so many centuries—every inch a king—has nothing in common with the wiry and vigorous Arab. On the other hand, the pretensions of the African horse to antiquity are much less questionable. Solomon got his horses from Egypt (these, however, as meant for show and state, may possibly have been connected with the grand Dongola breed of which Bruce speaks). In spite of the distance, and the long sea voyage, the chariots of Cyrene were constantly victorious at the Olympic and Pythian games. And notably, the steeds which Sophocles, in describing the pretended death of Orestes, in the Electra, by a fall from his chariot (no doubt having in his eye a scene which had really occurred), selects to make the running, are Libyan coursers from that African city. Again, the Numidian rider of Hannibal and Massanissa appears to have been much the same sort of man, and mounted much in the same manner as the present inhabitant of the Sahara; so that, if it could be proved that the Arab and the Barb were identical in blood, we should assign the original paternity to the latter, and not to the former. The question of colour, as we have said, is treated as being of the greatest importance by Abdel Kader, and after him by General Daumas, who cites, in support of his opinion, a note of Monsieur le Compte D'Aure, Inspector-General of the Imperial stud. The inspector-general comments thus on a story told by Abdel Kader, the upshot of which is (we have not room to insert it at length) that white horses are swift, but melt like butter under continuous exertion; that black horses fail over rough ground; but that bay, and still more chestnut horses, are the ones to be relied upon:—

What a delightful story—all this is true; experience and observation combine to prove it. The English thorough-bred stock descends from three Arab horses—Darnley (he means the Darley Arabian), Arabian (he means the Byerley Turk), and the Godolphin Arabian. Two of these were chestnut horses, the third a bay. One seldom sees grey horses on the course, and I do not know that they have ever won a race.

Now Monsieur le Compte D'Aure is ignorant that, though the three he names, or rather misnames, are the best known Eastern stud-horses of the second dynasty, the original founders of the English breed, who stand in the same relation to those younger potentates as Uranus and Saturn do to Jupiter and Apollo, were almost invariably white and grey. Moreover, they were commonly called Turks, not Arabians—the D'Arcy White Turk, Place's White Turk, &c.—so that we have always entertained a hope that some drops of that old Cilician blood were running in the veins of our modern race-horses. At any rate, white they were, and white was their progeny, so that if Monsieur le Compte D'Aure will but go back to those semi-mythical ages of the turf when Queen Anne was supposed to have won one of her own plates at York, after she was dead, and all the gentry of the north hurried away from Knaresmere to prepare for an expected political convulsion, he will find an absolute majority of the running horses white or grey. Very slowly, and with very doubtful advantage, has that strain of blood been washed out, as may be seen by a reference to the *Stud-Book*. If we compare the first ten pages of the first volume of the *Stud-Book*, which began some fifty years later than the time we speak of, with the ten first pages of the last volume—which extends to this present day—we shall find between thirty and forty grey colts in the one, and only two in the other. Such grey horses, moreover, as have distinguished themselves in England of late years, so far from being as soft as butter, have been for the most part remarkable for stoutness and endurance. We have only to name Chanticlear, Grey Momus, Morcia, Camillus, Gustavus Otho—without going back to those of an earlier day, such as Mambrino, Gimerack, Regulus, Pacolet, Madcap, and others. Indeed, even in General Daumas' book, the greatest feat recorded is performed by a dapple-grey mare; and of the popular poems which he translates, one begins: "My steed is black;" another, "My horse is as white as the shroud of men;" and a third, "Mabrouk is blue like the wild pigeon"—all rather confirming the popular English proverb, that a good horse cannot be of a bad colour, than lending any absolute superiority (though we admit that chestnut has very considerable pretensions) either to bay or to chestnut. Upon this subject, as connected with the primitive wild stocks, each keeping its own hue—out of the blending of which, we believe, that composite creature, the horse tamed by man, to have been slowly formed—we

should like to say a great deal more; but as far as our readers are concerned, we fear that we have already said a great deal too much, so that we must pass on to other topics.

It is remarkable that Mahomet, looking at him apparently as the instrument of conquest and invasion, invests the horse with a religious character. One of the Arabs' holy men, as quoted by the Emir, says that whoever feeds and cherishes a horse for the love of God, will be counted among the number of those who are charitable among men, his sins will be forgiven him, and he will be rewarded hereafter. The Arab depends, in truth, for safety and life upon the speed and vigour of his horse. It is, therefore, not astonishing that everything is sacrificed to making him speedy and vigorous; so much so, indeed, that the commentators on the Koran say, that the Arab is bound to love his horse as himself, and to devote to him, when necessary, the food provided for his children. Evident self-interest co-operates in this case with religious faith and warlike enthusiasm. We need not, therefore, be surprised if we find that the most exact rules of proceeding are handed down from former generations, and that the minutest attention is paid to everything connected with the horse. These rules of proceeding are embodied in stories and proverbs, many of which are very neatly put. Indeed, we have often caught ourselves wishing, on admiring the pithy compactness with which the Bedouin Tupper condenses his meaning into a few sparkling words, that our English instructor had studied his art in the desert for some thirty years before he favoured us with the first edition of his immortal work. General Daumas, taking the Emir as his guide, and inserting many of his letters, goes through the subject from the beginning to the end—the choice of the sire, of the blood-mare, the education of the colt, the qualities which that education develops, the feats of which the Arab horse (many of them throwing Turpin's Black Bess into the shade) is capable when fully developed, the diseases to which he is subject, the remedies which experience has suggested to the Bedouins, and other matters of the same kind. These are interspersed, as we have said, with proverbs, tales, religious maxims and reflections, laudatory notices of renowned drinkers of the wind, and a thousand miscellaneous topics. The technical part is too dry to interest the general reader, but many of the chapters are exceedingly amusing. The first part concludes with a French prose translation of a favourite poem, which begins with the description of a perfect charger. We have thrown it roughly into a metrical form to avoid the extreme flatness inseparable from the repetition of a process so unsatisfactory even at first:—

My steed is black, my steed is black,
As a moonless and starless night;
He was foaled in wide deserts without a track;
He drinks the wind in fight.
So drank the wind his sire before him;
And high in blood the dam that bore him.
Our warriors hail him as the unwinged fly;
On days when the hot war-smoke rises high;
His stride outstrips the very lightning fire;
May God preserve him from each evil eye!
Like the gazelle's, his ever quivering ears;
His eyes shine softly as a maiden's when
Her looks of love are full;
His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den;
And, in the shock of battle, he uprises
The forehead of a bull.
His neck, his shoulders, and his flanks are long,
His back is broad, with quarters firm and sound,
Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong,
Such as the desert ostrich bear along,
And his little fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.
As my own heart I trust him without fear,
For no one ever yet bestrode his peer.

In the Second Part of his book, General Daumas treats of the life of the Desert Arabs. Of this, the most stirring event is the razzia—which there are three kinds. The first of these—"The Tehha"—is a blood-thirsty onset, which always takes place at day-break, upon the camp of a hostile tribe. The object of this expedition is to massacre the enemy rather than to deprive him of his goods; though, when the real business of the morning is over, the booty found is very acceptable. The Khrotifa is organized to sweep away those herds of camels which feed at a certain distance from the head-quarters of the tribe. The lives of the herdsmen are generally spared. The Terbuge is a thieving expedition, on a small scale, which is carried into effect at midnight. The thieves prowl about the tents, till they succeed in slipping into them, and then carry off everything, as the Highlander expressed himself, which is not too hot or too heavy. Sometimes these disputes ripen into regular war. The allies on both sides are summoned; the march, full of gaiety, splendour, and excitement, is begun; the hostile district is reached; and the warriors, leaving their women and children in the rear, meet face to face:—

Bientôt la scène s'anime et s'échauffe; les jeunes cavaliers, les plus braves et les mieux montés, s'élancent en avant, emportés par l'ardeur et la soif du sang. Ils découvrent sur la tête, entonnent des chants de guerre, et s'exercent au combat par ces cris: "Où sont-ils ceux qui ont des maîtresses? c'est sous leurs yeux que les guerriers combattaient aujourd'hui," &c., &c.

These contentions are commonly ended by the intervention of the marabouts or holy men, who adjust the conditions of peace. Such a peace, the General naively adds, lasts for a considerable time, that is, for a year or two. The Arab women, according to him, take advantage of the bustle and confusion incident to these warlike progresses, to make assignations with their lovers. His account of their morals is not edifying:—"Quelle que soit leur

classe, elles passent leur vie à inventer les ruses pour tromper leurs maris quand elles sont jeunes, à faciliter les amours des autres quand elles sont vieilles." When not engaged in rapine or war the Algerian noble hunts the ostrich, or the gazelle, or the panther—the different methods of doing which are minutely described—he flies his hawks, and trains his greyhounds, like a baron in the middle ages. On more solemn occasions, he joins the ablebodied men of his tribe, and attacks a marauding lion in the thicket where he harbours. If once the beast is dislodged, and driven into the plain, by what may be called the light infantry of the chase, the cavaliers gallop round him, fixing as they ride, till he falls. Their attachment to this wild and adventurous life is intense. A story told by the General in illustration of this seems to us a good one :—

A man applied to an Arab cheik to know whether he had seen an ass which he had lost. The cheik turned to his friends. "Is there any one here who does not know the pleasure of the chase? who has not fearlessly thrown himself into the thicket to lie in wait for the beast of prey?" and, in going through all the stirring incidents of Sahara life, un des auditeurs repartit : "Moi, je n'ai rien fait, ni rien éprouvé de ce que tu dis là." Le cheik alors regarda le maître de l'âne—"Voici," dit-il, "la bête que tu cherches, emmène la."

In conclusion, we strongly recommend this volume to the careful study of all those who are interested in the perfection of that noble animal of which it treats. One of the duties which a wealthy aristocracy owes to a country that concedes advantages to a privileged class is to provide it with a fine and useful breed of horses. The English racer is now little better than a live die in the hands of professional gamblers. We recollect a squire of the old school, a man of high character and great abilities, who denied that he was on the turf, in the modern sense of the word :—

I am (he said) a gentleman of old family and good fortune, and I consider that it belongs to my position to breed a certain number of running horses.

To him, and such as him, shouldered by the Cooks and the Palmers out of their proper place in what used to be the gatherings of the gentlemen of England, we submit that it would be a noble object of ambition to import, if possible, some of these gallant Barbs, and to enrich the country, like the Montagus and Darcys of old, with a fresh stock of high-bred horses, which in time might unite, with the speed and stride of our present flying cripples, the soundness, strength, and endurance of these genuine sons of the desert.

PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.*

THAT THERE is nothing," Johnson once told Boswell, "in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle." If, for "art," we substitute "art and science," and if we consider, with Lord Chesterfield, that "playing on the fiddle" is an adequate synonym for the general practice of music, this short sentence may be regarded as a complete summary of Mr. Goddard's weary treatise. For this writer's intentions we entertain the highest respect. If we are unable to say that he appears invariably to believe what he writes, so hopelessly does he bind himself hand and foot in the meshes of impossible sentences, we can, at any rate, record a conviction of his unfailing earnestness so long as consciousness remains to him. Every now and then we come upon a passage of interesting, if not of vigorous, reflection, and hope for a few pages of rest for the sole of our foot. But all is of no avail. On comes the wave of overwhelming, billowy sesquipedalianism, beneath which one catches a glimpse of Mr. Goddard still earnestly, but vainly, trying to articulate.

Mr. Goddard has clearly long ago become, what Boswell owned himself to be, music-mad. Music has produced in his mind "alternate sensations of pathetic dejection," so that he has been ready to shed tears over the obtuse ignorance of mankind in respect to musical claims, and of "daring resolution, so that he has been inclined to rush into the thickest part of the" argumentative "battle." On reading some of the more recondite or rhapsodical passages, one is provoked to say with Johnson, "Sir, I would never hear music at all, if it made me such a fool" as to write in this style. The most exasperating point about the book is that it really does contain a residuum of reflective analysis which would have been exceedingly welcome but for the form which has rendered it, we fear, worse than useless. Among the subscribers who have supported and countenanced the author, we find the names of Meyerbeer, the Goldschmidts, Benedict, Balfé, and Arabella Goddard; besides the eminent authorities on some departments of the history of music, Dr. Rimbaud, and Mr. Chappell. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Goddard is respected among the leading practitioners as a man of thought and reflection. A strong reflective turn and some analytical power he undoubtedly has, and we can only regret the more that his thoughts have met with so bad a fate in the expression. The book is divided into three distinct essays, on the "Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts," on the "Moral Theory of Music," and on what Mr. Goddard calls "The Laws of Life in Art." The first two are by far the most important, and contain all that by any stretch of concession can be called useful in the performance. The paper on the "Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts" is principally occupied with stating and discussing three propositions. The first is, that whereas other forms of art, like painting and sculpture, endeavour to reproduce

that phrase of beauty which created them by means of *imitation*, music depends upon the more subtle principle of *abstract expression*. This may appear, at first hearing, rather fine-drawn criticism, but we incline to believe that it will be found, upon reflection, to contain a thoroughly sound distinction, and one which has nowhere been anticipated as far as we are aware. The painter conceives beauty, and immediately *imitates* upon canvas some form or some general effect, of which the original already exists in what we call external nature. The poet conceives beauty, and imitates some already existing form by description, as the painter had done by representation. Music, on the other hand, renders emotion by a medium of expression peculiar to itself—namely, melody and rhythm or phrase. We repeat that this notion seems to deserve examination by some hand more felicitous than Mr. Goddard's, though the full credit of announcing it will remain his. Not having, however, any intention of discussing it here, we will only add two short remarks before describing the remainder of the book. An objection, which has escaped Mr. Goddard's notice, will very likely be made against the way in which he has treated "the poet." It will be objected that many poets can hardly be said to be descriptive poets at all, in the sense of having drawn largely from external nature, and that all true poets have done at any rate much more than merely describe. This is perfectly true; and yet Mr. Goddard would seem to be entitled to the benefit of his antithesis. Compared with the composer of a great symphony, the most purely intellectual poets that have ever written, such as Wordsworth and Shelley, have employed description largely, and owe to it an enormously greater proportion of their effectiveness. Our only other remark is this, that if Mr. Goddard's theory be shown to be fallacious, which we do not think very likely, the fallacy will most probably be in a too narrow and exclusive use of the terms "nature" and "natural." It is just possible that the musical mode of expression has closer affinities with external nature than we are as yet aware of; and that it will no longer appear so remote and abstract as it now does when the science of sound is further advanced.

The second of the three propositions in the "Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts" is, that whereas the other arts, in conveying an emotion of a compound nature, must communicate it in a *fragmentary* manner, music is able to do so in "ONE immediate and appropriate effort." This is a claim which we are not at all sure that Mr. Goddard himself understands, or has fairly thought out. Does he mean to say that the emotions conveyed in Holman Hunt's *Finding of Christ*, for instance, are not exceedingly complex; or, on the other hand, that they are conveyed in a fragmentary manner? The third and last claim is a truer and more intelligible one. It is that, while the other arts convey circumstances first and the emotion afterwards, music alone imparts the emotion in the first place, and then the circumstances. It forcibly rouses emotion, that is, as its first and direct function; and, by a series of suggestive combinations, it assists the associative faculties of the hearer to fill in the circumstances according to his capacity.

The principal notions sketched out in the *Moral Theory of Music* are the following :—That the prime origin of music is to be discovered in those properties of speech which we call *tone*, *emphasis*, and *pause*. Not that music has been elaborated from these properties, but that they are the earliest and simplest indications in nature of that principle which, in a higher stage of development, constitutes the effect of music. "Melody" in music answers to "tone" in speech—"phrase" in the one to "emphasis" and "pause" in the other. The principle of "phrase" is not badly defined by Mr. Goddard. "It is," he says, "the conveying a meaning to the mind by means of the more or less forcible impressions, produced on the ear by any species of sound, being reduced to a certain arrangement." He insists strongly upon the part played by "phrase" in producing the more massive effects of music, and in sentences like,

As Caesar loved me, — I sleep for him.

* * * his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,—nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.—He detects the germ of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. The following remarks on the use of phrase, though not, perhaps, very new, are worth quoting :—

The effect of many of Handel's choruses, the greatest effects that music has risen to, is almost wholly produced through the principle of "Phrase"—the aesthetic grouping of simple masses of harmony, the rhythmical design wrought with abstract fragments of Tone. Take for example the chorus "He gave them hail-tones." Where is the effect of melody? Is the blending of the sounds,—the harmony, a noticeable feature in the effect? Do effects of modulation enhance in any considerable degree the *grandeur*? The source of this *grandeur* is consequently nearly solely constituted by the principle of "Phrase." It will be observed also that it is this principle in music more than melody which lends itself to the expression of the sublime, and I think it is the faculty of wielding this principle, more than the faculty of melody, harmony, or any other principle of music, that is the test of the highest order of musical genius; witness Handel and Beethoven.—Pp. 52, 53.

We fear that we have now exhausted all that can be said in commendation of a book on the consecutive perusal of which we confess ourselves unable to look back without a shudder. Mr. Goddard seems to have become possessed of the conviction that Music is yet, as indeed she is, without a worthy literature; and that he would lay the first stone in the edifice which is to be, "Go to," he said, "I will write a *Critique of Pure Music*." Such a task could only, it appeared to him, be executed in the grand style; and in the grand style he has executed it. His prolixity is quite *sui generis*. What are we to say of an author who gets so

* The Philosophy of Music; a Series of Essays, entitled, respectively, The Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts; the Moral Theory of Music; and the Laws of Life in Art. By Joseph Goddard. London: Boosey & Sons. 1862.

fairly dead beat by the length of his own sentences, that he sets down a full stop at random, and takes up the next sentence at the point where he left off the last? Observe the following examples:—

But owing to the before-mentioned peculiarity of the musical medium of expression, its being independent of representing in their natural aspect the influences of the emotions it proposes to impart—owing to its remarkable property of throwing, in an original and beautiful language, a faithful impress of those emotions *direct* to the surrounding regards. Owing to these things, it will be seen that such latent condition of the inward rapture may be imparted by the Musician—possessor still in its *latent* and *undefined state*, and without the above explained conspicuous interference of the mind.—P. 27.

Nor is this, as it might be supposed, both from the stopping and also from the curious tangle at the end of Division 2 in the sentence, a solitary case of printer's carelessness. In the last essay on the "Laws of Life and Art," we read:—

The artistic intention of a Sacred Oratorio is a grand, comprehensive, and replete expression of that momentous phenomenon of the human heart, religious emotion; the lofty utterance of this expression being, by the law of natural propriety and universal consistency, rendered possible to no other voice in the possession of mankind except that of music—the culmination of the effects of the principle of tone and phrase—the language of the feelings of humanity. Painting, as has been elsewhere remarked, being able to express so much of religious emotion as can visibly appear in the aspect of the human countenance; and language being only able to indicate the existence of devotional feeling in its outward action upon things. Its inward action upon the human heart—the deep rapture of spirit and sublimity of nature attending its possession, still remaining uninvoked from their silent intensity in the breast of man.—Pp. 130-31.

And here is an instance in which the leading characteristics of Mr. Goddard's style may be said all to culminate together:—

Here is suggested that consideration which betrays the remarkable dignity and earnestness of the choral species of musical effect. For if this effect of art is a legitimate development of those principles of nature indicated by the accent and fall, emphasis and pause, tone and phrase, in human speech. And if, as can most assuredly be observed, the moral function and practical property of these principles is to impart, as far as nature's imperfect development of them will permit—human emotion, independently of representation, description, or association, and by means of *direct communication*. If, in truth, they are the elements of that momentous, deep-burthened, and Heaven-withheld language of human emotion, that in some great day must burst into life with supernatural emphasis and heavenly cadence; and by which the general heart of humanity will be relieved and understood. How, in an argumentative sense, awful in its dignity; how solemn in its earnestness; how elevated in character, and worthy of man's highest respect, must be that humble but nearest earthly approach to its mighty eloquence which has, in the effect of choral enunciation, been achieved by man through a chaste and legitimate development of those of its principles betrayed—in the emphasis and pause, tone and phrase of human speech—by Nature!—Pp. 136-37.

What it is to be dignified "in an argumentative sense" is more than we can conjecture. The nearest approach to it that we can think of is that condition of mind in which Mrs. Gargery may be supposed to have been, on those occasions when she was about to start off "on the Rampage." It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to remark that Mr. Goddard speaks of the "*wrapt* and responsive breast" (p. 31), and talks of "*this* data" (p. 143). But things of the sort should always be noticed when the grand style is attempted. In conclusion, we would beg Mr. Goddard, in the event of his pursuing his reflections on music, which we cordially hope he may do, to drop the grand style altogether. And, if he will accept the suggestion of a substitute, we will venture to propose to him that of Mr. Hullah, whose Lectures on Music, delivered before the Royal Institution, seem to us to be by far the best thing ever yet published in relation to this branch of art.

THE DREAM OF A LIFE.*

THIS is rather a good specimen of the Belgravian novel. Scene, of course, the West End of London—heroine, a beauty making her *début* in the fashionable world. For *dramatic personae* of the subordinate rank, we have two worldly mothers, three lovers, personifying respectively the ideas of rank, wealth, and intellect—between which the young lady of the Belgravian novel always has to make her choice, and about which we need only say that while in print she always chooses the latter, in point of fact she generally shows a weakness for one of the two former qualifications. There are attendant young ladies, some gushing, and some artful, and a duchess endowed with a rare penetration into the state of the human heart and purse. A duchess, by the way, seems becoming one of the commonest properties of the novelist's stock-in-trade; with a recognised function of her own, which is either to humble the arrogance of some vulgar, purse-proud upstart, or to manipulate with infinite tact the love affairs which occur in the story. One element of the Belgravian novel is conspicuous by its absence from this work of Lady Scott. We miss with much satisfaction the rose-water religious element. There are no male piety who evangelize the puritans of Chelsea in lavender kid gloves. There are no young ladies who affect to be "real," and discuss theology to the accompaniment of Coote and Tinney. There are no curates with fine eyes, who receive confessions and chant Gregorian tones, nor does a single personage embrace the vocation of a sister of mercy. We doubt whether a tale of fashionable life so free from stuff of this kind has been penned by the hand of woman since the epoch of the Oxford movement.

Our authoress is content with raising her warning voice against

that mockery, delusion, and snare—the love-match. To girls about to marry for love, she says, in the emphatic language of Mr. Punch—Don't. You will live to repent it. Before the honeymoon is well over, the man of your choice will develop qualities calculated to dispel in the roughest manner all your illusions. The instincts of the tyrant will soon peep out from the crust of sugar-candy with which they have been temporarily overlaid. Be wise in time, and take the Marquis's eldest son. A coronet is a material guarantee, if not of happiness, at any rate, of social importance, and no young woman of sense should allow herself to despise it. What you cannot see anything to love in his lordship? In that case there is only one alternative. Base the fabric of your wedded bliss on the only other sure foundation—wealth. Bestow your hand on the millionaire commoner, who is sighing at your feet. Now, this is advice which sounds extremely like irony. We are not sure whether Lady Scott intends to justify or to satirize the views on marriage which Belgravian mothers are said to entertain. But her theory proceeds on a few assumptions which the experience of real life does not warrant. First, she avails herself of the novelist's time-hallowed privilege of supposing a marked antagonism between mother and daughter on the subject of marriage. The former is swayed by prudential motives only, the latter thinks of nothing except love. This conflict of views is seldom encountered, except in the pages of fiction. There is generally a remarkable consensus of opinion among the female members of the same family on the great question of a young woman's life. But the real sting of our authoress's satire lies in her calmly taking it for granted that the young ladies of the present day have each as many suitors as Penelope. It is all very well to say, don't take a pawn when you can get a rook or a bishop; but how, if there are no rooks or bishops to be taken? The hypothesis of three suitors, of whom two shall be eligible, is, alas! too often only an hypothesis. "Show me my Marquis, or even my untitled millionaire," screams Dowager Belgravian, "and I and my daughters know well enough what to do. To counsel us how to act in eventualities which are never likely to be realized, is but a cruel mockery. While you advise, we study the fatal page of the Registrar-General. We are not unobservant of the tendency of vital statistics. We note, with pain, the preponderating numbers of our own sex. Here is Miss Rye ready to deport us to Australia; Miss Emily Faithfull to turn us into printers; Protestant sisterhoods yawning for our good works; Social Science meetings creating each year new spheres for the energies of superfluous spinsters. While the present glut in the marriage market continues, it is sheer moonshine to talk of rejecting rich Marquises and Colonels as if they were as plentiful as blackberries."

It is hardly fair to represent love-matches as generally unhappy. It is easy for a novelist to credit good *partis* with a good temper, and endow younger sons with a bad one; but, as a matter of fact, the possession of amiable qualities is not always found in a direct ratio to the possession of large landed estates. Nor have love-matches, as alarmists assert, a special tendency to gravitate towards the Divorce Court. It would not be difficult to show that the marriages that have least in common with love-matches are the least happy of any. If there be any truth in the maxims of the worldly mother of this book, the marriages of royalty ought to be, of all others, the happiest, which, as a general rule, they have not the reputation of being. Excess of caution just as often sows the seed of an unhappy marriage as precipitate haste; and the old college don, who has waited twenty years for the living on which to marry, not unfrequently finds that he has waited twenty years to make a fatal mistake. On the whole, "young hearts" are as much to be trusted as "old heads." Of course, no young lady should plunge into matrimony without assuring herself that the object of her choice is good-tempered. If she *will* marry a man with thin lips or a bad mouth, she must abide by the consequences. This is just what Helen Vavasour, the heroine, by courtesy, of this novel, was silly enough to do. Early in life she chose in a perverse way to fall in love with a clever young barrister, "with a curl on his well-cut lips, and a glitter in his deep-set eyes," and a reputation for being proud and supercilious. In spite of all her mother's efforts to the contrary, she refuses the best *partis* in London for the sake of indulging "this dream of her life." The Civil Service Commission not yet having come into being, Peyton Tremlett, of the well-cut lips and sarcastic smiles, gets "one of the first judicial appointments in India," whence he is to return in five years to claim Helen as his bride. A report of his marriage one fine day reaches that young lady through the Indian papers, and in the belief that her lover is false she is persuaded by her mother to accept the rich Colonel Audley. This union is short-lived, the Colonel dying from a fall the year after his marriage, and leaving his widow hampered by one of those spiteful wills which always occur in novels. In the course of time Peyton Tremlett returns from India—his wife, an artful cousin of Helen's, who had followed him out to the East, dying at the right moment to set him free to marry the object of his first passion. Helen is weak enough to consent to a second marriage, and very soon finds out her mistake. Peyton is a domestic tyrant of the worst kind; and though making all the while a great figure in the House of Commons, as the heroes of ladies' novels are so apt to do, he found time to bully and ill-treat his wife and step-child, making himself particularly odious by discharging the favourite maidservants of his wife's establishment. At length Helen can endure it no longer—the abduction of her child whom he hates bringing matters to a crisis. She leaves him; but the

* *The Dream of a Life.* By Lady Scott. 3 vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

illusion of the life-dream being by this time sufficiently dispelled, a convenient fit of apoplexy carries him off, Helen returning, like a true woman, to receive his last breath. There is one point in this story we are particularly glad to notice. Helen doesn't like being beaten. Female novelists from Miss Brontë downwards have a way of making a course of wholesome discipline agree wonderfully with their heroines; and if they represent on this point the sense of the sex, it is no calumny to say that like certain little dogs they like their masters all the better for beating them. We prefer, however, to believe that broken bones form no necessary element in conubial bliss; and we are glad, therefore, to find Lady Tremlett animated by the same old-fashioned and prosaic view.

Many who read *Othello* will consider Iago as the real hero of that tragedy. In like manner, we confess to finding Mrs. Vavasour, the scheming mother, a more interesting personage than her sentimental and insipid daughter. The former character is drawn with considerable skill, and has the merit of being, what the intriguing women of fiction rarely are, a tolerably *ladylike* portraiture. Her one idea was to place her daughter well in the world. This was the one achievement required of her, and to effect this end she had come up to town "with a set of plans, projects, and intentions which it had taken her years and years to concoct." She never sees an old friend or makes a new acquaintance without the questions instinctively rising in her mind, "Of what use will they be? Will they be worth visiting?" Slightly mercenary, perhaps, but by no means an exaggerated picture of the fashionable mother. Nothing can be more skilful than her blending the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. We recommend any mother with a wayward daughter to manage to study her tactics. Peyton Tremlett's attentions to Helen are deemed by her injurious, or, in fashionable slang, "to be keeping other more eligible men away." Peyton is therefore to be quietly disposed of; and Mrs. Vavasour gives him a meeting in the Regent's Park, of all places in the world, where the following conversation occurs:—

"Your conduct, Peyton, has attracted observation in many quarters; and as it is calculated to injure *her*, you cannot expect me to sit tamely by, while she is the subject of comments and suppositions, which, though they may have a foundation, can never be realized."

Peyton Tremlett turned his keen, deep-set eyes on Helen's mother, and his peculiar sarcastic smile curled up one corner of a mouth correct as far as the lines of beauty went, but most unpleasant in its expression:—

"Mrs. Vavasour," said he, "if the busybody, gossiping, inquisitive, and impertinent world could overhear us now, you know what they would say." "I know not, neither do I care," returned Mrs. Vavasour with a short laugh; "the study of my life has been to do my duty by Helen . . . When you asked me just now what the impertinent world would say could they overhear us, you meant they would conclude I was trying to extort from you a proposal for the hand of my daughter. My dear Peyton [oh! for the pen of an artist to depict the pitying expression of Mrs. Vavasour's countenance as she uttered these words!] it so happens that *my* object is exactly the contrary. I have sought you to tell you that your attentions are unwelcome to me, that I have other views for my daughter, and that any further steps on your part will meet with my unqualified disapprobation."

Looking up with a smile intended to be one of mingled kindness and consolation, she held out her hand. "We must part friends," said she, "because some day you will thank me for having been so prompt."

Mrs. Vavasour can be dignified, too, when occasion requires. Years after, when Peyton, on his return from India, has obtained Helen's consent to marry him, he indulges himself in the delicious revenge of calling on Mrs. Vavasour to announce his approaching marriage with her daughter. Mrs. Vavasour had aged considerably of late years, and the air of defiance with which she had once waged war with Peyton Tremlett was gone:—

"I am happy," said she, "that you have given me the opportunity of welcoming you back to England, Sir Peyton."

"That opportunity should have been yours before, Mrs. Vavasour, had I thought it would have been but the most minute source of happiness to you. Now, however, I come charged with intelligence which will, I trust, make me doubly welcome."

"Really," was all that Mrs. Vavasour replied. She never could unbend to Peyton Tremlett.

"Yes," said he, coolly placing his hat on the sofa by his side, "Yes; of course I have made it a point of duty that one so nearly related as yourself should be the first to whom I should communicate what I had to impart."

Mrs. Vavasour sat breathless, astounded at his cool assurance.

"So I came here direct," he continued, "to inform you, Mrs. Vavasour, of my engagement to your daughter, Mrs. Rupert Audley."

Silently and steadily she surveyed him as he spoke. She would not for worlds have permitted him to read in her countenance the tremor which came over her at this abrupt announcement, for she knew that he had made it on purpose. With an effort which he neither saw nor guessed, she bent her head. "My daughter," said she, "is her own mistress; in accepting you as her second husband, she has, no doubt, consulted her own happiness; and I can only say that I consider you a fortunate man, and one who may well be proud of the love he has won. God grant, Sir Peyton, that you may prove yourself worthy of the sacred trust which my Helen has placed in your hands."

Lady Scott's advocacy of the marriage *de convenance* cuts both ways. If she demonstrates, in the case of her heroine, its superiority in point of happiness to the love-match, and enlists the reader's sympathies in favour not of the victimized daughter, but of the foiled and disappointed mother, on the other hand, the mothers who consecrate their existence to the one object of obtaining a rich son-in-law are themselves, it must be owned, the cause of most of the suspicion and odium which attach to marriages on the French or cold-blooded system. It is the

Mrs. Vavasours of the world, from whom the eldest son escapes to the calm asylum of demi-monde. It is the Mrs. Vavasours who sustain in influence and vitality our Anonymas and Pretty Horse-breakers. Perhaps in time the match-maker will find, as the diplomatist of modern days has found in affairs of State, that in affairs of the heart honesty is sometimes the best policy.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE FRENCH STAGE.*

THE theatres in Paris have, for the last two centuries, possessed an influence over public opinion to which there is nothing analogous in any other European society. The Parisians are essentially a playgoing race. It is a tradition which has never been interrupted, as it was in England by the ascendancy of Puritanism. The stage in France has never been unpopular, although for a long time playwriters were held in small repute, and actors and actresses were looked down upon with scorn and contempt. The quick impulsive Parisians have always been passionately fond of theatres; they are far more easily excited than English audiences; and they are ever ready to seize and apply any hint or expression which may seem to bear upon social or political questions. The stage was a power in France long before pamphlets or newspapers were invented. When the theatre was still in its infancy, it was made use of for political purposes, and became the instrument with which damaging attacks were made on the constituted authorities of Church and State. It would seem, too, that from a very early period the French stage was tainted with the ribaldry and blasphemy of which our own times afforded an example during the revolution of February, 1848, when the censorship was for a time suspended. It necessarily followed that means were adopted, on the part of the Government, to protect itself from attack, and to repress a licentiousness so dangerous to the interests of religion and morality. Thus, at a very early date, a censorship of the stage, in one form or another, was established; and, if we may judge from what has taken place in the short intervals in which the French have enjoyed complete liberty, it seems to be indispensable for the protection of society. The mere influence of a sound public opinion has never been sufficiently strong to control, and keep within just bounds, the theatres of Paris; and where such is the case, there is clearly no remedy but a censorship. It is true that any individual libelled in a dramatic representation would have his legal remedy in any European country, but the public must be protected from the scandal and mischief of grossly immoral exhibitions. It is, therefore, only a question whether such offences should be prevented by means of an official censor, or whether the offence, when committed, should be visited by punishment afterwards. The argument against a censorship is, that it is inconvenient to managers, and offensive to authors; while in its favour it is alleged, that it prevents mischief being done which other remedies would be too tardy to reach, and which would be at least as inconvenient and expensive to those who profess to be aggrieved by a censorship. Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether any good drama has been lost to the world in consequence of an official veto, whilst it is certain that the public has been often protected from degrading and corrupting spectacles.

The object of M. Hallays-Dabot's volume is to trace the history of the French stage in its relations with the Government; and the result which he arrives at is, that a judicious but strict censorship over dramatic representations ought to be maintained—a conclusion with which most people would be disposed to agree, notwithstanding the obvious danger of an abuse of power on the part of the censor. That danger, however, is, we suspect, in practice less serious than it is asserted to be. Literary men in France are strong enough to hold their own, and would, no doubt, be able to protect themselves against an arbitrary exercise of authority which could not be justified on very sound grounds. At the same time, it cannot be denied that when party spirit has run high, the French dramatic writers have often been needlessly interfered with, and whole passages of their works been ruthlessly struck out, from the apprehension that they might be interpreted as attacks upon the Government or the Church.

The conflict between the authorities and the theatres began at a very early period. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the stage players were placed under the surveillance of special officers, who were charged to take notice of improper conduct on the part of the performers, and to report to the king the effect produced on the public by their representations. In 1442 all plays were prohibited that had not previously obtained official authorization; and in the time of Louis XI. the players, the *basochiens*, were absolutely forbidden, under severe penalties, to perform in public. The reign of Charles VIII. was little more favourable to the stage. The drama was again submitted to a rigorous censorship; but the king having taken offence at certain performances, five of the actors were sent to grol, and the previous prohibition was again enforced. But in the reign of Louis XII. all restrictions were removed, and for the first time the stage enjoyed complete liberty. The protection accorded to the theatre by Louis XII. was probably dictated by political motives. The king was surrounded by an intriguing court, and in Italy he was at open war with the Pope; and it may have been part of his policy to disarm the papal party in France by permitting every kind of ridicule to be heaped

* *Histoire de la Censure Théâtrale en France*. Par Victor Hallays-Dabot. Paris: E. Dentu. 1862.

upon Julius II. In 1511 Pierre Gringore had played at the Halles the *Jeu du Prince des Sots* and *L'Homme Obstine*; the King was present, and witnessed the virulent attacks made upon Rome and the Papacy. In the *Sottie*, or farce, the King and the Pope are brought on the stage as the Prince of Fools and the Fool Mother. The Pope, clad in his pontifical garments, with the triple crown upon his head, explains, with cynical candour, his objects, his plans, and his character; he exhorts the nobles of the Court to commit treason, and calls upon the prelates to abandon the Church and the altar and to attack the temporal princes. In the Morality, as it was called, Gringore attacked Julius II., *L'Homme Obstine*, if possible, with greater virulence; but it may be doubted whether language so intemperate either forwarded the policy of the King, or produced a beneficial effect on the feeling of society. M. Hallays-Dabot, an undisguised partisan of the censorship, holds that the tendency of such unbounded violence is to convert believers into fanatics, and to drive harmless sceptics and latitudinarians into absolute denial of religious belief and active hostility to it. In his view the League and the massacre of Saint Bartholomew are the logical conclusion of a century that began with the representation of works such as those of Pierre Gringore. During the following reigns, excepting that of Henri III., the Parliament of Paris maintained some sort of authority over the stage, and indeed extended it to pieces played by the students of the University. Henri IV. seemed more disposed to encourage the theatres, but did not remove, as has sometimes been asserted, the check which had been put upon them; though no doubt the actors were less rigorously watched than in some preceding reigns.

With the government of Richelieu began the golden age of the French drama. The great minister was an enlightened patron of literature, and regarded with favour the poets and playwrights of his age. But he was not of a temper to brook attacks upon his government, and few writers could have been found in France bold enough to provoke his displeasure. On two occasions Corneille suppressed lines which might have been construed to be offensive to the Cardinal. In one of his tragedies, written shortly after the memorable edict against duelling, he had made the plot to turn upon challenge; the King in the play forbids the duel, and the Count, refusing to obey the Royal command, says to Don Arias:—

Ces satisfactions n'apaisent pas une âme :
Qui les reçoit, n'a rien ; qui les fait se défaire,
Et de tous ces accords l'effet le plus commun
C'est de déshonorer deux hommes au lieu d'un.

These verses were prudently sacrificed by the poet, who had no desire to be supposed to have joined the opposition. Again, some years later in Polyeucte, Corneille gave up the following lines, which, no doubt, would have excited the indignation of Richelieu:—

Peut-être qu'après tout ces croyances publiques
Ne sont qu'inventions de sages politiques
Pour contenir le peuple, ou bien pour l'émoi
Et dessus sa faiblesse affirmer leur pouvoir.

The comic writers were less cautious, and provoked the anger of the Parliament, not by political allusions in the mouths of their *dramatis personae*, but by the coarseness of their subjects and their language. This led to a very remarkable edict, in which the King declares:—

A ces causes nous avons fait et faisons très-expresses inhibitions et défenses par ces présentes signées de notre main, à tous comédiens de représenter aucunes actions malhonnêtes, ni d'user d'aucunes paroles lascives ou à double entente qui puissent blesser l'honnêteté publique, et sur peine d'être déclarés infâmes, et autres peines qu'il y échoira.

The edict concludes with the penalties to be inflicted on offenders against it. Thus the principle of authority was again asserted, and upon much the same grounds as it is now enforced, but with this difference—that as yet no special officer had been appointed to this particular department. In the absence of any such functionary, the intervention of the law was necessarily capricious and arbitrary, and depended upon the outbreaks of indignation on the part of the Parliament, and the amount of protection afforded by the Court. In the time of Louis XIV., the office of Lieutenant-General of Police was created, and the control of the theatres formed a part of his functions; still with regard to the theatres he acted under the direction of the Parliament. It was not till the beginning of the next century that the dramatic censorship was established on a footing which was maintained up to the Revolution. A curious instance of the conflict between the Parliament and the Court is furnished by the history of the first representation of *Tartufe*. Molière hesitated to bring out the piece, but obtained leave to have the first three acts performed at Versailles. Louis XIV. witnessed the performance, and gave his sanction to its production in public. So great, however, was the clamour, that the King thought fit to withdraw his permission. This was in 1664. Three years later Molière again obtained the requisite authorization, and produced a very mutilated edition of his play. *Tartufe* was a lay hypocrite, and was called Panulphe; the expressions which had given so much offence to the clerical party were all struck out. There remained but one:—"O ciel! pardonne-lui comme je lui pardonne!" This gave very great umbrage; the piece was prohibited by the authority of the Parliament, and the Archbishop of Paris issued a rescript, enjoining the faithful not to see it acted, not to listen to it or read it. It was only in 1666 that it was represented in its original form. At the same time, it frequently happened

that dramas of a much more dangerous character were tolerated. At length, on the occasion of a very disgusting play called *Le Bal d'Auteuil* being performed, Louis XIV. determined to take steps to prevent the recurrence of similar scandals. Accordingly, the Lieutenant-General of Police was invested with the absolute control of the theatres, and it was enacted that no piece should be publicly performed without being previously submitted to the censor. This legislation, no doubt, improved the morality of the French stage, but did not absolutely destroy its political importance. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any censor, however vigilant, could succeed in striking out all incidents and passages which a lively audience might apply to the personages or the passing events of the day. Besides this, the court and all the salons of Paris were actively canvassed in behalf of the dramatic writers. Intrigues without end were carried on to obtain the official permission. Even the *Mariage de Figaro* was performed greatly against the wish of the King, but the courtiers and all Paris were on the side of Beaumarchais, and the King gave way. At the time, it was believed that a great political effect was produced by the representation of this celebrated comedy. It was said to have hastened the revolutionary crisis. It would be more just to look upon it, and the enthusiasm with which it was hailed, as indications of the coming storm, and as evidence of the profound discontent which pervaded Parisian society. A drama does not produce a revolution, but it may happen that a few phrases may be caught up by the spectators, and for some hours have a certain influence on the opinion of the day. But at the same time it must be admitted that English critics are not entitled to determine the value of such an influence. With no liberty of the press, with no freedom of speech at public meetings, the theatre at Paris afforded the only opportunity for the public to make known its feelings and its aspirations. In modern society the stage only has a power when all other modes of free-speaking are repressed by the stern hand of authority.

With the Revolution the French stage at once was emancipated from all control. It rapidly fell into the worst licentiousness, and soon became the slave of the party in power. Its liberty seemed to be its curse. It necessarily followed that as soon as there was an organized government, the theatres were again subjected to official supervision. Again in 1830, and afterwards in 1848, the stage was, for short periods, left to itself; and on each occasion there were found writers who could compose, and audiences that could applaud, performances that were a disgrace to any civilized society. Therefore Louis Philippe and the Emperor had each to re-establish the censorship. Whenever it has been suspended, the stage has shown itself unable to make a proper use of its liberty; and it would therefore be unreasonable to complain of a system which represents the better opinion of society. When it is remembered what plays have of late years been represented at the *Gymnase* and the *Palais Royal*, there is little ground for charging the Imperial censor with squeamishness or prudery. At present, there seems to be very little unnecessary or vexatious interference; and it may be believed that the authority of the Censor is only exerted to preserve a certain degree of decency and propriety.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.*

THE topic which this heading suggests has afforded food for the press, no less than the pulpit, in somewhat unwonted measure during the last few months. Probably there have been periods, again and again, in the later history of the Church, when, as now, there has been ground for the complaint that earnestness seems to give way before affectation, and wholesome truths to find less favour with preachers than florid generalities or doctrinal subtleties. And, at such times, hearers are apt to fall off, faith languishes, and the ordinance of preaching declines in general estimation. Probably things are no worse now than they have been aforetime, but, even supposing that they are, there is the proverbial consolation that "they must mend;" and the beginning of amendment is when the zealous cast about for remedies, and apply themselves to the question how the evil, if it cannot be suppressed, may at any rate be reduced. This is the present posture of affairs. Teachers and preachers are resorting to the weapon they best know how to wield; and when the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Ely, who have given full proof of their own hold upon multitudes of hearers, gird themselves to consider the question how the failure of preaching-power may be stayed, they justly deserve a heedful attention. It is not the less desirable, however, that the subject should be viewed from another standing-point, and that shape and form and publication should be given to the ideas of well-affected lay-people. Nor, when this has been done, do we, as is the habit of many writers, lay and clerical, deprecate the moderate use of satire and irony—a legitimate engine for correcting the faults of an age, and one which is at present mainly in the hands of the press. But of this we may speak presently. We have now before us an expression of the feelings of the second class, the earnest laity, who note the signs of a growing slackness on the part of hearers, and not unnaturally attribute it to faulty preaching. If this really exists, the blame may, indeed, partly lie at the door of preachers of the last generation; but if it is not remedied in our own day, there

* *Preachers and Preaching.* By a "Dear Hearer." London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1862.

will be a virtual abdication, by present preachers, of power to recover their position.

It is not wonderful that, when so many new outlets are afforded, the strength of England's manhood goes off in other directions than the priesthood. It was otherwise when the prizes of our Universities, and, still earlier, the honours of the State, fell almost necessarily to those who had a monopoly of education—the clergy. But this state of things has experienced a vast change; and while, as now, there is so little prospect of advancement in the Church to those who enter holy orders without family interest or Shaftesburian views, there is small encouragement, humbly speaking, to strong good men to seek those charges which, if they crave them not, the "nice good men," as our Essayist styles them, will fill up. Most self-reliant spirits will carve out for themselves some more certain road to honour and emolument. Of course we are aware that expressions of pious horror will be evoked when such a matter-of-fact view of the question meets the eyes of those who deny to the clergy the right to motives so low as ambition or advancement; but notwithstanding, any solution of the problem how "bone and muscle" may be restored to English preaching must be supplied from the human aspect of the question, because ambition is so constant an ally of excellence that, say what they may about higher motives, it will rarely, in fact, be absent from it. The recognition of this is what gives to the Essay before us a common-sense air, which is essential to any system devised for worldly uses, and which recommends it to all who are not enthusiasts or fanatics. If in the Founder of our religion the Divine and human natures were united, it is not likely that in fulfilling His errand his agents and envoys, moulded of infinitely inferior materials, can stifle the human element in themselves. It must needs intermix with higher motives; but whether so far as to predominate and hurtfully alloy them, will depend much upon the strength or weakness of individual character.

One thing is clear—the Civil Service, the Indian appointments, and such like new outlets draw away many of those young men of promise whom in past times the ministry of our Church would have secured to its roll. The general impression is, that the pulpit suffers, and has lost much of its influence. But surely there are yet left a tolerable number who, to borrow language which among a certain section of churchmen would be in special request on such a topic as this, "have not bowed the knee to Baal." What, then, are the causes of the decadence of preaching, and of the so frequent complaints of one "Habitans in Sicco" after another? Some urge that the press has taken education out of the hands of the clergy; but the writer under review, exposing this most unfounded and improbable theory, seeks elsewhere for the reasons, and, in our judgment, to a large extent seeks them with success. The lack of due and timely preparation for orders, the vitiated style, out-of-the-way matter, and extravagant manner, to which so many resort out of sheer absence of preconceived ideas as to the requirements of their vocation, supply "A Dear Hearer" with blots not hard to hit, and hints for improvement calculated to abate the mischief to a great extent, if adopted. He further remarks on the discrepancy between clerical life "extra cathedram," and "in cathedral," the lack of manly sympathy, and the complacent indifference with which the clergy too often leave the masses unevangelized, whilst they content themselves with the homage of the weaker sex, and calmly ignore the ugly fact that their ministrations have little or no power to reach the stronger.

Our essayist's picture of the tameness, affectation, and artificiality of too many candidates for holy orders must, we should hope, be a little overdrawn; but if it has any faithfulness in it, the way to remedy the evil lies in some other direction than theological colleges, as at present constituted. The effect of any class holding itself aloof from the outside world must be to narrow the understanding, and cramp the sympathies. Instead of a constrained gait, a straight cut garb, and a sad countenance, the "outward man" of those who are to win back the people's ear to the pulpit should be characterized by a natural, genial, unconstrained bearing and demeanour. Instead of eschewing current literature, politics, and science, as beyond the pale of religious thought and activity, he that would lead others in spiritual matters must win the assent of their intellect by giving proof of equal or superior knowledge in matters of secular interest.

The writer whose remarks we are considering, is perhaps somewhat visionary when he talks about a training of the clergy from the nursery upwards, and theorizes that this training should bear on the growth of manly earnestness and naturalness of character. Every one would wish to see unreality and cast discouraged, and religion lived, rather than talked about. But is not this the training we should seek for every young person, for whatever profession he might be destined? Is not this the professed aim of all respectable parents in the nurture of their children? Yet, after all pains bestowed, the results are various; and it is not impossible that, if "A Dear Hearer" could carry out his scheme of special training, he might find some young men, who had been brought up from boyhood with an eye to the Church, turn out less fitted by character, habits, and manliness for their destined profession than "alumni" of good and well-ordered public schools, brought up generally in the pursuit of true religion and useful learning. In our judgment, the latter material would be infinitely preferable. There would be no greater risk of energy without piety, or piety without talent, than elsewhere; and it cannot be desirable that "setting apart for the ministry" should precede the period when experience of life is gained, general knowledge acquired, and an independent judgment formed. These are the best securities

against "the loss of individuality" which "A Dear Hearer" looks upon as the fate of most immature deacons, who are too apt to yield easily to the tyranny of routine, and to acquiesce in the constraint of forced orthodoxy of look, words, phrases, and styles.

The writer lays just stress on the importance of inducing the clergy to substitute the language of common life for the special language of the pulpit. Sermons in this generation are, in too many cases, couched in a phraseology which it requires the adoption of a distinct vocabulary to master. No doubt, as the old woman found especial comfort in the "blessed word Mesopotamia," so very many hearers think no worse, but rather the better, of a sermon full of hard words and deep doctrines. To this weakness Mackworth Praed bore witness in his exquisite poem of *The Vicar*; of whose sermons he wrote, that

Sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and heart that penn'd and planned them;
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

But it is not every taste that can stomach a new language for the pulpit, nor yet every man that has time to unlearn his own mother-tongue in order to acquire strange forms of speech which preachers might more fitly abandon in condescension to the weakness of their hearers. Nothing is more to be deprecated than the use of words and phrases for Sunday and the pulpit which are meaningless and lie idle for the rest of the week. When the weekly hours of their resumption come round, what wonder if they fail to strike home—if they are truly and really "*Vox et preterea nihil!*"

Having discharged his shaft against this hindrance to the influence of the pulpit, the writer earns our hearty approval by his exposure of that excessive "typifying" and "spiritualizing" without warranty of Scripture, which finds so much favour in the present day. There is no help for the removal of these but the growth of earnestness and manly spirit in candidates for orders. Thus only can a check be put to what Yorick calls "the dishonest use of the poor single half-hour a week put into our hands to show the extent of our learning or the subtleties of our wit, not preaching the Gospel, but ourselves." And as to overmuch doctrinal preaching, against which we suspect most "dear hearers" are ready to join the one under review in inveighing, we will but echo the same Yorick's sentiment:—"I wish there were not a polemic divine in the kingdom: one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted shipload of all that their reverences have imported these fifty years." Men's ears will never be held by bald repetition of certain views of God and His truth, Sunday after Sunday, without variety of language, arguments, or authorities. Where this exists, laziness in some shape may be predicated of the preacher. Either he does not read, or he does not think; but one thing he does—namely, repeats himself so as to nauseate his hearers. But, notwithstanding, doctrine should surely not be banished; and it would be very hard to prove that necessary truths are so many as not to need reiteration. There was an old saying, that "twelve stones would serve for the foundations of Christian faith;" and it seems to us that the real secret is to reset those few old truths from Sunday to Sunday so that they may neither lie forgotten nor become so familiar as to be neglected and contemned. There are, indeed, points which should be put before hearers in plainness and simplicity. Deep things cannot be enlarged upon without risk of marring essential truth; but, mainly, pulpit teaching is most successful when putting plain points "in a holy delightsomeness," such as dispels the sense of weariness, and freshens up what is, in fact, old and familiar. Our limits preclude anything more than a reference to this writer's remarks upon the too prevalent fancy of many preachers for speculations on the fulfilment of prophecy. In so far as he essays to check the favourite "Cummingomania," and to recommend the "Sermon on the Mount" as a more practical and ample subject for sermons than theories about the "seven vials," or the identification of the "scarlet lady," he essays a good work, and that not unsuccessfully. Well were it if his pages, falling into the hands of some whose practice has hitherto been the opposite to the hint conveyed, might induce them to devote their pulpit eloquence rather to the unfolding of Gospel truth "to those unhappy Gentiles who form their flock, than to solving the problem of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine." As he well remarks:—

The disciples were rebuked for standing "gazing up into heaven," when there was work to be done at Jerusalem; even so might these men be reminded that while they stand dreamingly looking for "signs" on the eastern horizon, vice shoots up in rank growth about their feet, and men and women, hardened in sin and embittered by neglect, come to look upon Christianity as an organized hypocrisy, and the promised redemption as a mockery to them. Christ has come in vain if these things constitute the Gospel, and preachers may well give up the task in despair of bringing men to the knowledge, and worship, and service of God, if they have nothing better to offer them than what Carlyle would call some Jewish old clothes.

There are several other useful suggestive hints in the work before us, which we are obliged to leave unnoticed. Such are the lack of sympathy on the part of the clergy with the people in *any other class of interests than those purely religious*. How to correct this, and how to win back our men "to hear the Church" are questions which the author manfully strives to deal with in his latter pages. But there is one omission which strikes us as a serious one in a professed critique on preachers and preaching of the present day, and to which we would call his attention. This is, the effect upon the present condition of the Ministry of the Church of England, which is produced by the ordination of non-university men in several of our dioceses. This we believe to be hurtful in the highest degree. Year after year, as any observer may see,

literates are being ordained with the slenderest pretensions to anything like high education, and with little stock-in-trade but piety and good intentions. These men have less antecedent chances of refinement, less native tact to win the ear of the gentler-born — nay, even of the humbler members of their congregations — than the old stamp of men, who had learned somewhat of the larger world from the excellent mimic worlds of school and college. This new element has grown so fast that it might be well if a "dear hearer" or two could get speech of their bishops, and tell them how little pleasant is the lot of those hearers whom they have entrusted to the spiritual care of some oiled and curled, insinuating, quondam tape-measurer, or of some thundering Boanerges who, in older dispensations, would be still blowing an unmetaphorical bellows in his smithy. Whence, if not from these quarters, come vain egotism, and extravagant magnifying of the spiritual office? Let some "*Habitanus in Sicco*" devote his powers to the remedy of this growing mischief, and he will earn the thanks of many who now groan while they "sit under" half-educated men, devoid of any common sympathy or feeling, that might facilitate mutual understanding and confidence. To this end all means, all weapons are legitimate. We do not (as the essayist under review seems disposed to do, indirectly, if not in so many words) object to the due use of satire in effecting the improvement of preachers and preaching. We think it may do good service in the present distress. So long as puerilities take the place of masculine force — so long as feebleness is sought to be disguised by affectation and mannerism, and simple earnestness is held to be a less efficient persuasive than the more popular use of "brimstone" on the one hand and "treacle" on the other — so long we contend that satire does an excellent work. It serves a purpose which no other influence comes forward to effect, and acts as a powerful agency in upholding that which is true and manly, whilst it unmasks and covers with ridicule all that is shallow and unreal.

GAMLE NORGE.*

BOOKS of travel have fallen so low that one is inclined to look kindly upon any which are not intolerably and offensively bad. Indeed, we feel a certain respect for the author of a dull book of travels, because, in these days of flippancy, dulness is a fault so completely on the right side that we are half disposed to set it down as a merit. The little book now before us is not particularly striking in any way; but on the other hand, it certainly is not flippant, nor is it specially dull. The authoress simply tells how she and a friend, and the friend's brother, went through a considerable part of the Scandinavian peninsula, recording, in a natural and straightforward way enough, the adventures which they met with on the way. The style, lively and careless, but without any serious affectation, reads like the style of a lady's real journal or letters. It naturally contains a good deal which is not particularly interesting to any except either the writer's personal friends, or those who, meaning to visit Norway themselves, may like to collect all possible experiences of those who have gone before them. But a good deal of the volume is pleasant light reading enough. On the whole, if we see no special reason why *Gamle Norgé* should have been published, yet considering the sort of stuff that is published, we see no special reason why it should not.

Our travellers first landed at Christiansand, and thence went by sea to Bergen. Thence they traversed various parts of the interior, including an ascent of Smeatzen, gave up Trondhjem through a concurrence of accidents, made their way to Christiania, and thence to Stockholm, Copenhagen, Kiel, and so out of Scandinavia into Germany. They seem to have gone neither to fish, like so many of our countrymen, nor to study politics with Mr. Laing, nor antiquities with Sir Charles Anderson, but simply to enjoy themselves by driving through the country and looking about them. As the whole party agreed that they had never been so happy in their lives before, we may congratulate them on so fully attaining their end. But this sort of journeying without any special purpose cannot produce any real addition to our knowledge on any special subject. Any deep observation of the country from any aspect is, of course, impossible; we get nothing but the general remarks which must occur to an English lady who keeps her eyes open in going through a foreign country. These general remarks are well enough in their way, and we are glad to find their witness uniformly honourable to the Norwegian people. But the writer could not do without a chapter of padding. It would not do to write a book about Norway without saying something about Odin and about Harold Haarfager. So we have a chapter about the religion and history of Norway from the Lapps to the coronation of the present king. A good deal is in inverted commas, copied, we are told, from "an old *Westminster Review*" — we think we remember the article. By way of remote history we have such novel matter as the conversion of Ethelberht, and by way of modern politics, such profound information as that Norway "is a hereditary and constitutional monarchy, with a Storting or National Assembly, which is elected every three years." * We must confess a great dislike to the vamped-up historical chapters which alternate with flippant description in most modern books of travels. The journey pure and simple is much better, and a very small use of the scissors would reduce *Gamle Norgé* to the journey pure and simple.

The failure of our travellers to visit Trondhjem seems not to have troubled them so much as one would have expected. To go to Norway and come away without seeing Trondhjem is not indeed like going to England and not seeing London; but it is like what going to England and not seeing Westminster would be, if Westminster were as distant from London as York or Winchester is. Their failure to visit the old royal and archiepiscopal city was partly caused by its momentary resumption of its old greatness. The present King was about to receive his Norwegian crown in the old metropolitan church; and our travellers "cared not a bit about coronation, or procession, or any spectacle of the kind." There was some difficulty about a steamer, and some doubt about finding lodgings; so, instead of going to Trondhjem, they went to Christiania by another way. They were not, however, fated wholly to escape the track of the royal visitors. They fell in with the Crown-Prince at Bergen, and with the Queen herself at Kongsvold, near the base of Smeatzen. The apparent loyalty of the Norwegians our authoress describes as enthusiastic. Undoubtedly a new King must promise very ill indeed to be received otherwise than favourably. But there is nothing either in King Charles himself or in the present position of his government to make a patriotic Norwegian other than loyal. His hope would rather be to see the third of the old brother-lands united on the same terms as his own.

Our authoress speaks well of the kindly feeling of our Norwegian brethren towards England, and their love of English literature both original and translated. They take, it seems, great interest in English travels in Norway, and have even welcomed the "*Unprotected Females*" in a Scandinavian dress. So our tourists in Norway must take care what they say. Our present guide, indeed, has not much to fear. She is thoroughly well-pleased with her hosts, and even stands up, contrary to common report, for their temperance. But, if we rightly remember Mr. Laing, Norwegian drunkenness is not an everyday affair, but a special honour done to a few great occasions — the anniversary of the Constitution, for instance. So, if our travellers failed to go by at the proper time for seeing men drunk, there is no necessary contradiction between the two reports. The Norwegian is also reported as honest and as kind to dumb beasts. On the position of women in the country our authoress has some speculations. Both sexes, in the out-of-the-way places, are poor, dirty, and wanting in enterprise. They work hard, and get prematurely old and faded: —

A few good lith figures we certainly saw when in the vicinity of Bergen, but they were the exceptions; as a rule the Norwegian peasant women appeared to us thick-set and clumsy, and the male portion of the population were not much better; — indeed a peasant in his holiday best always struck me as having a stiff, wooden sort of effect, like the little dolls we dress as sailors for our children, and everyone knows the uncomfortable look they have when you stuff them into their tough cloth jackets.

She continues: —

Great poverty is evident in many of the inland provinces; the scanty harvests, and the absence of all facilities for inland trading communication, have contracted the wants and the supplies of the peasant into a very narrow circle; he has his grød, or his oat cake, as the case may be; his small supply of salted fish, and his corn brandy: and here he seems content to pause. Home-made cloth and home-spun linen supply his wardrobe, and he is most likely shod with home-dressed leather; and although this may sound very primitive and arcadian, yet one cannot help feeling a desire to see less apathy and more enterprise. As I have already remarked, a great portion of the drudgery incident to the peasant life here falls heavily upon the women; it is not perhaps fair, from a few weeks' experience, to judge of the customs of a nation; but certainly as far as we could see, all the hard work seemed to fall on them; hay making, wood carrying, rowing, harnessing the horses, bringing out the carrioles, all appeared done by them, while often the men stood by, either smoking, or with their hands in their pockets, or lay dozing in the sun. It struck me, whether rightly so or not, that in spite of this, or perhaps arising out of it, women held a very influential position here; — they were constantly appealed to by the men in whatever was going on, and in many stations it was quite clear that they reigned paramount. I often speculated as to whether any old influences, any remains of the respect once paid to the Alruna wives and maidens, the Scandinavian symbols of an age which now only lives in ancient saga and romance, has had any share in this state of things. I don't suppose it has, only one is carried back so many hundreds of years by the primitive life one meets here, that when on the spot the idea does not look so wild as it does in our practical, modern, English life.

Everything which tends to bring us more into connexion with any part of Scandinavia is, in itself, satisfactory. But English travellers in Norway have a great responsibility upon them. Nothing is so likely to spoil the people of any country as for their country to become a show-place. This may be seen in Switzerland, and in many parts of our own country. Now, the two freest, and, in every way, the most interesting countries in Europe, are precisely Norway and Switzerland. Nowhere would one be more anxious for the people, the representatives severally of royal and of republican liberty, to retain every possible virtue uncorrupted. Yet it cannot be doubted that the Swiss national character has been seriously injured by the constant inpouring of foreign, especially English, travellers, to whom Switzerland is simply a sight for them to look at. The influx of travellers into Norway is never likely to be quite so thick as it has long been into Switzerland, but it may easily do the same mischief in a less degree. We shall have a serious charge to answer for if we permanently corrupt those two among the nations of Continental Europe with, on every historical and political ground, we should be most delighted to honour.

* *Gamle Norgé*; (*Old Norway*) or, *Our Holiday in Scandinavia*. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1862.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE fifth and sixth volumes of Varnhagen's *Diary** have been edited with more regard to the feelings of the living than Mlle. Ludmilla Assing displayed in the first issue. The names of living persons, which are scattered about in abundance in his M.S., are generally omitted, except where the subject matter of the passage is of a purely public character, or in the very rare cases where Varnhagen speaks of the person named with unqualified praise. Nor are these the only omissions. Loyalty, or a salutary fear of the Berlin police, has placed the editress in an embarrassing predicament. The *Diary* covers the greater part of the years 1848 and 1849, just after the present King, then Prince of Prussia, was forced by his own intense unpopularity to leave his brother's dominions in rather undignified haste. For some time afterwards there was a difficulty about his return; and the question whether he should be allowed to return almost assumed the dignity of a political controversy. Varnhagen's remarks in his diary at the time are sufficiently outspoken, and his estimate of the Prince and his proceedings, is expressed in that vigorous vocabulary of vituperation of which he had so large a command. Mlle. Assing has learned from experience sufficient prudence to suppress these racy epithets. The volumes before us are the most interesting of the series, in that they concern the most stirring period; and they deserve a more extended notice than we can afford them here. But though the events they deal with are more important, the material of which they are composed is very much the same as that of their predecessors. They record the snarling judgments of an invalid, who was, or thought himself to be, too weak to take an active part, and yet chafed under the consciousness of his political obscurity. They contain the same unrelenting bitterness against his literary rivals, the same safe and silent sympathy for the party of action, the same incessant invectives against the gentry — whose company he appears, however, to have habitually frequented — and the same constant prophecies of democratic triumphs which were never destined to be realized. It is not a pleasing book to read, because it contains nothing but politics dealt with in the temper of a bilious philosopher. But it has a great historical value, because the parties of action and reaction were fighting, morally, and sometimes physically, at his very doors; and both sides seem in some sort to have made him the repository of their confidences. There is no evidence in the book that he used in public the energetic epithets in which he privately delighted; and the intercourse which he contrived to maintain with the reactionary class implies an opposite inference.

The *Socio-political Studies*† of M. Kiesselsbach are far less readable; for though they are imperturbably polite, they have not the advantage of Varnhagen's charming style. They are defined by their author to be an attempt to inquire into the science of "social anthropology" — a title which does not look promising. They are, in fact, an inquiry into the causes of the various developments which are taken under various circumstances by the institutions of a State. He examines, for instance, into the effect which wars have upon the political constitution of a country — the relative influence and tendencies of a class possessing property in land, and one possessing property in money — and the position which, in the future, the Church is to occupy in human society. His views in general are moderate enough, but the doctrines in this last essay are very curious. They are the result of a discordant state of opinion, which appears to be not uncommon in Germany, in which a man has grown out, or grown tired, of his extreme political opinions, but retains his distinctive views in reference to religion. M. Kiesselsbach has no wish for violent change, and would prefer that things should remain as they are. Among other things, he desires that the Church should remain without much alteration. But he happens to be a believer in Strauss, and boldly says that the creeds are antiquated follies. In fact, he appears to go farther than Strauss in some things, and farther than the most extreme of our English speculators; for he is not content, with Mr. Darwin, to refer the existence of all animated nature to one primeval cell, but takes our pedigree yet one step farther back, and assigns the parentage of all living things, mankind included, to a crystal. The reconciliation of these two sets of opinions presents some difficulties; and accordingly the author devotes an essay to showing how the present ecclesiastical system is to be maintained on pure atheistic principles. It is a curious application of the old principle of "economy." Men require to have the spiritual part of them nourished; so it is good that they should go to church to be reminded of the great ethical laws of their being. They call it worshipping God. If they had read Feuerbach and Strauss they would know that their devotional aspirations are merely a recognition of their own moral nature, and that there is no conscious God. But the preacher must preach to them "in a form of thought which suits the intelligence of the mass. In the idea of God, they gather together all corporeal and moral laws; from him they draw down the lines to their ego, to their existence from day to day, to their care for daily bread." And so they are to be taught that there is a God until such time as they shall be able to recognise the corporeal and moral laws of their own nature without the aid of fictions. In the same way, baptism is to be upheld for the purposes of registration; confirmation is profitable as impressing upon a young man the religious traditions of past times; and it is

good that he should be taught the doctrines of Christianity, because "he thus passes through all the religious stages of the past, more or less unconsciously, in himself." But all this accommodation the author hopes is to be only temporary. In due time, as mankind improves, the Church will be able to reconcile her teaching to that of Strauss and Feuerbach. Some of the author's efforts to anticipate this reconciliation produce curious results. Is it a novel conclusion of scientific criticism, or only a dim recollection of the book of Genesis, which makes him attribute Abraham's emigration from Haran to the troublesome quarrels of Cain and Abel?

Mr. Becker, a German refugee now resident at Geneva, has published a fierce appeal * to his countrymen, urging the usual programme of the men of 1848. His sufferings have made him even more uncompromising than Mazzini. He will not admit the possibility of tolerating, under any circumstances, any form of monarchy, aristocracy, or priesthood. It is a wild, disconnected book, raving at all the governments of Europe, and especially that of Paris. It is interspersed with sentences of a vigorous character in leaded type, which seem to contain the quintessence of the whole. The spirit of the book will be best exhibited by the quotation of two or three of these aphorisms taken from various parts of it: —

Revolution is not only justified, but wherever any dynastic sway exists, wherever the people is not completely sovereign, it is a sacred duty.

Every prince is a born, bred, and sworn rebel against the people. Every princely power is an organized and permanent rebellion against freedom and justice, nationality and humanity. Every rebellion against a princely power is a lawful, legitimate, and moral duty. Every donation of a constitution is a proffer of humiliation.

So long as a people is not fully free, and does not possess an unfettered press, and an untroubled right of meeting and discussion — so long as it does not make laws for itself alone — so long as it does not possess the undivided power of carrying its own will into effect — so long it is sheer madness to believe in legal progress, in peace, in tranquillity and order; so long it is an unpardonable crime to preach such a belief.

It is an interesting matter of inquiry whether this gentleman has left behind him in Germany many like-minded friends. If so, the coming history of that country will probably be livelier than it has been for the last ten years.

Captain Uhde's account of the countries which lie along the lower course of the *Rio Bravo del Norte*† is interesting at this moment, on account of the intentions which the French Emperor is reputed to entertain of colonizing in that region. It contains a physical description of the country and its products, the result of a year's residence, and also a history of the convulsions to which that part of Mexico has been subject ever since the War of Independence. The narrative is too bloody, and the exploits it relates are too resultless, to form very agreeable reading; but it is written with clearness and simplicity, and is founded on a considerable familiarity with the region which the author describes. It is furnished with a map of the country, and a list of the Viceroys and Presidents by whom Mexico has been ruled. The succession has been much more rapid in recent years. During the three hundred years that the Mexicans were colonists, they had sixty-five Viceroys. During the forty years they have been independent they have had forty Presidents.

Tischendorff has published an account of the travels in the Holy Land,‡ which resulted in the discovery of the valuable Sinaitic manuscript of the New Testament. The interest of the book centres principally round this event, and the difficulties which the author encountered in inducing the monks to part with their treasure. He also stayed for some time in Jerusalem, and had leisure to devote himself to an investigation of the genuineness of the Holy Places. He decides, after a long discussion, very confidently in favour of the accuracy of the current traditions. There is also one chapter of critical remarks upon the value of the MS. he discovered. He claims for it an age at least equal to that of the Vatican MS., to which it is very closely allied. He calls especial attention to the fact, that in the Epistle of Barnabas, the words "as it is written" appended to his citation out of St. Matthew's Gospel, which have hitherto only rested on the authority of the Latin translation, are proved by the Sinaitic MS. to be the true words of the writer himself. The value of this fact as a testimony to the genuineness of St. Matthew's Gospel is, of course, considerable. The book contains, moreover, several plates, some maps, and an elaborate description of the entry of the Grand Duke Constantine into Jerusalem, which the author witnessed. His travels in the Holy Land scarcely extended beyond Jerusalem.

Dr. Unger, the well-known naturalist of Vienna, has published an account § of the scientific result of two journeys which he undertook in 1858 and 1860 into Greece and the Ionian Islands. He devoted himself entirely to the botany of the country through which he passed, including an inquiry into the fossil Flora of Eubaea. The distinctive characters of the most remarkable new species that he found are delineated by the system of nature-printing which is a good deal used upon the Continent. He closes the

* *Wie und Wann. Ein ernstes Wort über die Fragen und Ausgaben der Zeit.* Von J. P. Becker, Ded deutschen Nation gewidmet. Genf. Deutsche Verlagshalle. London: Thimann. 1862.

† *Die Länder am unteren Rio Bravo del Norte.* Von Adolph Uhde. Heidelberg: Mohr. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Aus dem heiligen Lande.* Von Constantine Tischendorff. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

§ *Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse einer Reise in Griechenland und in den Ionischen Inseln.* Von Dr. F. Unger. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

* *Tagebücher.* Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 5^{ter} und 6^{ter} Band. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Social-politische Studien.* Von W. Kiesselsbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

work with an interesting chapter on the question whether, from a physical point of view, there is in Greece and the East a capacity for returning to its ancient prosperity. By a full comparison of ancient accounts with present facts, he arrives at the conclusion that there has been no essential change in the physical conditions of the country. But there is a very serious accidental change. So far as the mere forces of nature go, there is nothing to hinder Greece, Palestine, and Asia Minor from returning to their old fertility. It has been destroyed by man, and could be restored by man. The wholesale destruction of the woods has been the sole cause of the barrenness with which those countries have been smitten. The vast wood fires, kindled partly by the hordes of invaders who, in the course of centuries, have followed each other upon that soil, partly by the shepherds, to gain fresh pastures, have gradually deprived the climate of its moisture, and the ground of its fertility. The instrument by which the barrenness of those regions is perpetuated is still more insignificant than its original cause. It is the goat. The ordinary operations of nature would, in the course of time, restore the woods that have been destroyed, but for the large number of goats the scanty population maintains. These have no pasture to live on in summer, for the arid climate dries it up, and they consequently eat off the shoots of trees just springing out of the ground. But if, by the operation of any causes, the woods were ever to be suffered to grow again, Dr. Unger's view is that fertility would return, and the old prosperity of the East would be restored.

A learned treatise upon the date of Buddha's death, and other Indian dates depending on it, by Professor Westergaard of Copenhagen, has been translated from the Danish, and published at Breslau. The result of the investigation is to fix Buddha's death at a date considerably later than that which is usually assumed. The Professor places it in the years 368-370 B.C. Together with this treatise is translated another upon the condition of Literature in the earliest years of Indian society.

A treatise on John of Salisbury, by Dr. Schaarshmidt,† may be credited with having thoroughly exhausted a not very extensive subject. It is only by making him the peg for a treatise upon mediæval philosophy, that an octavo of three hundred and fifty pages can be extracted from the remains of so moderate a celebrity. His life, properly so called, only furnishes material for a seventh part of that space.

One of the results of the International Exhibition has been a tolerably rich harvest of German books upon London. We have already noticed some; and we have two more before us now. Beedeker's *London*,‡ is well worthy the reputation its publisher has established by his handbooks. It is as complete in its details, and as judicious in its selection of information, as any that he has published on other countries. Not the least evidence of the judgment with which it has been compiled is the care with which the author avoids any disquisitions upon the manners and customs of English society. He confines himself entirely to indisputable facts, and dismisses all questions of etiquette and social habit with the observation that a man of ordinary politeness and vigilance will have no difficulty in avoiding giving offence. The English reader, therefore, who, encouraged by familiarity with previous works of the kind, reads this book for the purpose of amusing himself with its blunders, will be wholly disappointed. On the other hand, we doubt whether any extant English work on London will give the English reader so much useful information about his own capital city as this German Handbook.

M. Julius Rodenberg's *Tag und Nacht in London*,§ is a book of a different stamp. It is written, not to guide those who go to London, but to amuse those who stay at home. It is a smart, brilliant description of various scenes, high and low, in London, written more with the *verve* and freedom of a French *feuilletoniste* than the solidity of a German traveller. But M. Rodenberg, in all his works, appears to have set before himself the task, in which he has very fairly succeeded, of showing that German in skilful hands can be nearly as sprightly as French. In both languages, however, we are accustomed to the circumstance that this effect can only be attained by an occasional liberality as to facts. We may pardon to an enthusiastic admirer the epithet "emerald green" to the grimy verdure of Hyde Park. But we must demur to the view that all the lady riders in Rotten Row are to be ranked as pretty horsebreakers, or that the suicide of seduced maidens in the Serpentine is sufficiently frequent to be described as if it were a regular institution. And M. Rodenberg must have been terribly enamoured of an effective climax when he sums up the miseries which the title of Buckingham has brought upon its possessors, by saying of the late Duke, "that the sympathy of his creditors made his son steward of the estates which he had squandered." Many small licences of this kind do not, however, prevent the book from being a very agreeable, and, on the whole, a very truthful picture of London and London life. It is all seen through a rose-coloured atmosphere, and possibly the constant eulogy may seem duller to his

native readers than to those who belong to the nation that is the subject of it. But his panegyric is very catholic. He concludes his book with an almost rapturous description of the ladies whom he met and danced with at the "National Assembly Rooms," and then breaks off into melancholy reflections on "these beautiful creatures who, about midnight, appear in the streets of London to us strangers as fairy-like, shining beings, in the witchery and brilliancy of a London night," &c. &c. He certainly deserves good words from us, for he must have come over to England with a most unflinching determination to admire everything English. It is the first time that the "fairy-like beings" have been celebrated as among the beautiful sights of London.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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Building; Christchurch, St. George's-in-the-East, Cannon Street; and St. Mary's, Hide Place,
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By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

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TO THE CLERGY, READING SOCIETIES, &c.—The
CHEAPEST HOUSE in LONDON for Books and Stationery.—GEORGE SEELEY,
30 Argyle Street, Regent Street (removed from 2 Hanover Street).

* Ueber den ältesten Zeitrum der Indischen Geschichte mit Rücksicht auf die Literatur. Ueber Buddha's Todesjahr und einige andre Zeitpunkte. Von N. Westergaard. Aus dem Dänischen übersetzt. Breslau: Maske. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† Johannes Saesberiensia nach Leben und Studien, Schriften und Philosophie. Von Dr. C. Schaarshmidt. Leipzig: Trübner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ London und seine Umgebung. Handbuch für Reisende. Von K. Baedeker. Coblenz: Baedeker. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

§ Tag und Nacht in London. Von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Seehagen. London: Bender. 1862.

[September 20, 1862.]

EXAMINATIONS for SCIENCE CERTIFICATES of the Committee of Council on Education will take place at the Offices of the Science and Art Department, South Kensingtton, on the days shown below:

The examinations will last each day from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M., with one hour's intermission in the middle of the day, except on the days for Subject I., and Chemical Analysis.

Candidates for certificates who have registered their names must attend at 10 minutes before 10 A.M. at the Offices, South Kensington, on the day or days which are indicated for the subjects they wish to be examined in.

GEO. C.

I. Practical Plans and Descriptive Drawing, &c.	Subject 1.—Monday, November 3. Tuesday, November 4.
II. Mechanical Physics	Subject 2.—Wednesday, November 5. Thursday, November 6.
III. Experimental Physics	Subject 1.—Friday, November 7. Saturday, November 8.
IV. Chemistry	Subject 1.—Monday, November 17, morn. Tuesday, November 17, after. (Analysis on Friday afternoon, November 14, and Saturday, November 15.)
V. Geology and Mineralogy	Subject 2.—Friday, November 10.
VI. Physiology and Zoology	Subject 1.—Wednesday, November 12. Subject 2.—Thursday, November 13.
VII. Botany and Vegetable Physiology	Subject 1.—Tuesday, November 18. (Subject 2)—Wednesday, November 19.
VIII. Mining and Metallurgy	Subject 1.—Thursday, November 20. (Subject 2)—Friday, November 21.

* As many Students as possible who take up only Inorganic Chemistry will do their Analysis on Friday afternoon; the rest on Saturday. Analytical tables are allowed.

No Candidates must send in their names before October 15, except those coming up in Mechanical and Machine Drawing and Building Construction, who must send in their names by October 5.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

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The Prospectus for the Session, commencing on October 6, will be sent on application to the Registrar. The Course of Instruction embrace Chemistry, Dr. H. Deacon's Physics, by Prof. T. Roddall; Natural History by Prof. Huxley; Geology by Prof. Ramsay; Miners and Mining, by Mr. Warington Smyth; Metallurgy, by Dr. Percy; and Applied Mechanics, by TRENTHAM REEKS, Registrar.

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The Saturday Review.

[September 20, 1862.]

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